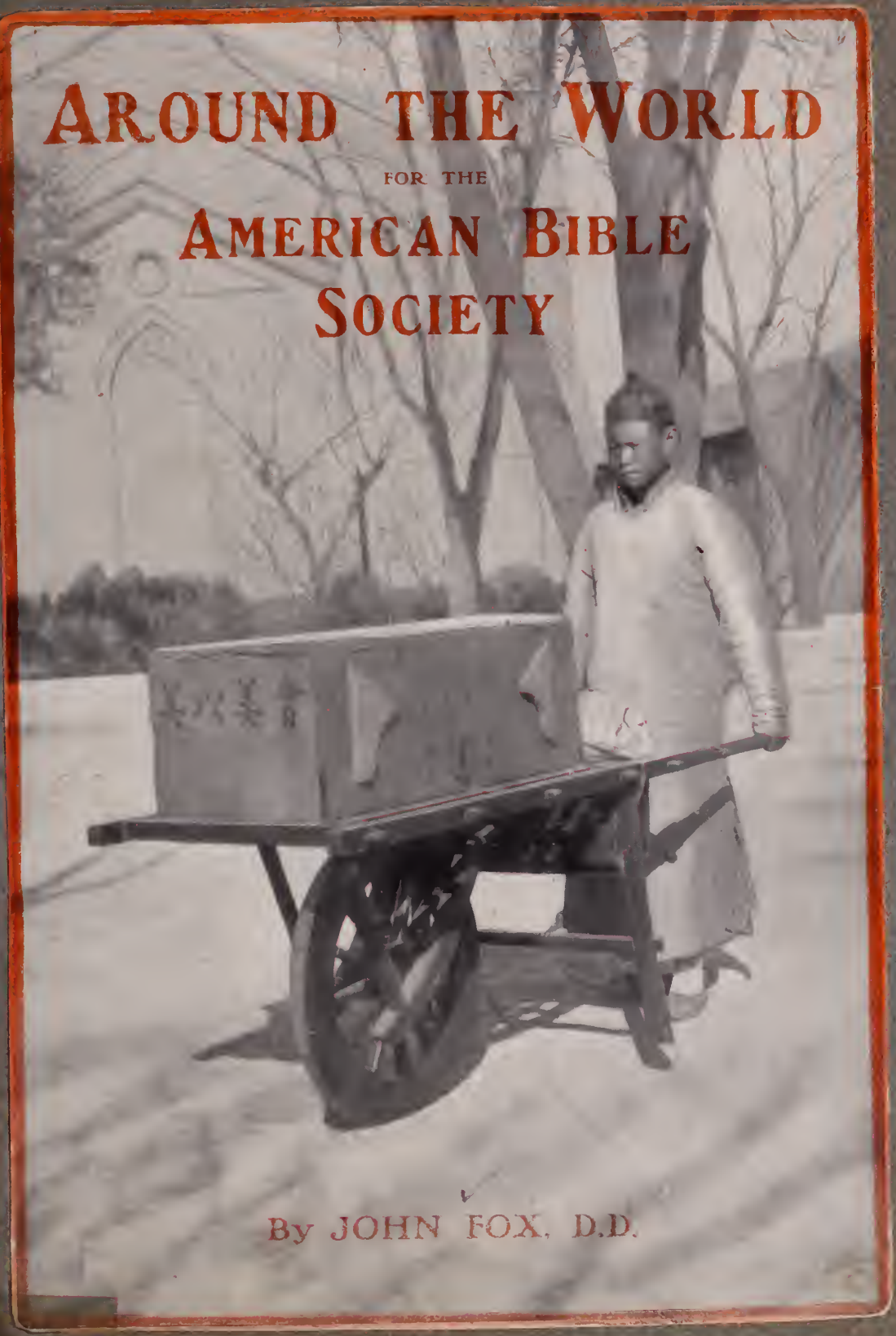
AROUND THE WORLD

FOR THE

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY



By JOHN FOX, D.D.

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Around the world for the
American Bible Society

To a Chinese Colporteur

* * *

STILL doth the ancient miracle, begun
With flaming tongues of harmless fire, proceed
In Sinim old; now would the Shepherd lead
Into the fold, His other sheep, not one
Is lost, and He would suffer none
To lack the Word, whereon their souls must feed,
Wenli or Mandarin, as each hath need.
Quick as the jewelled light flashed from the sun
From Chihli to Tibet His Word must run.
Haste thee, O Colporteur! sow well the seed;
Bear His reproach, who soon will give thee meed
Of gracious praise, 'I know thy works,' 'Well done.'
Then shalt thou know the Son of Heaven, the Lord
Of the celestial country, The Eternal Word.

J. F.

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AROUND THE WORLD

for the

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

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Being Twelve Letters Descriptive of a Visit to the Society's Agencies in the Far East

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By JOHN FOX, D.D.
Corresponding Secretary

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NEW YORK
AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY
1908

Foreword

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THE readers of these letters will note that they are neither official reports nor the mere recital of a traveler's various experience. They seek to describe informally from the standpoint of the American Bible Society, first of all, its own work —especially the self-denying labors of its Agents and Colporteurs in their several stations in the East. Connected with this, very naturally, are the operations of its sister societies, and along with both of these the missions and missionaries to which they are so vitally related. These are not viewed as isolated phenomena, but as set in their actual environment in the historic lands and among the living people for whose benefit they are alike undertaken. Such letters can, at the best, but faintly portray the vivid hues and forms of the living realities which they aim to describe; and these letters in particular were, of necessity, so brief, and many of them written in such haste under the stress of travel, that they must not be considered more than impressionist sketches. They appeared first, month by month, in the BIBLE SOCIETY RECORD, with the exception of the tenth letter, written last of all, and are now reprinted with few changes and additions. They will serve their purpose if they lead to a better understanding and appreciation of our Foreign Missions in the East—and chiefly, if they incline the friends of missions to set greater value on the work of the Bible Societies as an integral and essential part of Missionary organization.

JOHN FOX.

BIBLE HOUSE, January, 1908.

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(1) DR. ARTHUR H. SMITH. (2) DR. J. C. GIBSON.

THE CENTENARY MISSIONARY CONFERENCE, SHANGHAI, CHINA, APRIL 25—MAY 7, 1907

EXETER CATHEDRAL, CHURCH HOME OF CANON EDMONDS

I. New York, London and Paris

CROSSING the Atlantic has become so commonplace a matter in American life that it will hardly need description. This does not, however, lessen the charm, the comfort, or the marvel of it. A floating palace like the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, equipped with every modern appliance, mechanical or electric, is in itself a veritable wonder-world. Its very contrast with the more august wonder of the ocean on whose bosom it floats makes it seem all the more marvelous. The wireless witchery surpasses all other magic. We left New York Tuesday morning, and up to Thursday evening we were within wireless reach of America; by Friday night across 1,200 miles of water tidings flashed out to us from England—startling tidings, too—of an accident to the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*. We dare not speculate what new wonders the future contains. We may hope for international telephones, by which modern business, and especially the Lord's business, may be transacted, with only occasional necessity for the ocean ferry.

On Sunday morning our kindly captain was but too glad to have me and my companion—apparently the only clergymen on board—hold service and preach in the first-class saloon, with the excellent orchestra to play our hymn tunes. But my own heart went out to the steerage, where it was not possible to hold service, but which I visited in the afternoon. Eight hundred people packed four decks deep beneath the topmost steerage deck are not averse to a little friendly greeting even from a stranger, though he be unable to say much to them. Our New York, Pennsylvania, and other Bible Societies must indeed meet the foreigner as he lands—perhaps as he departs. Some day we may offer him the Book *in transitu*. Transatlantic colportage is a problem to be studied.

We landed at Plymouth early Monday morning, November 26th.

After a day at Exeter—a delicious frontispiece to England—where we caught a glimpse of Canon Edmonds, whose address at the Ecumenical Conference of Missions in 1900 is still remembered of us all, we found our way to London and in due time to the Bible House—for wandering Bible-men the natural Mecca and goal of aspiration. It would take too long for me to describe, and it has already been better described in print in the Centenary pamphlet, "Our Treasure House," to which we would refer all who cannot see the House for themselves, or more recently in the November number of *The Bible in the World*. Let me add (for those unlearned) that this is the monthly magazine of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Begun in 1866, its foundation stone laid by the then Prince of Wales (now His Majesty the King), and finished in 1868, it is a model of simple elegance and dignity to the eye and a well-planned and well-equipped workhouse for the officials and committees, who send out from

it, in round numbers, 7,000 volumes every working day. Of all its treasures, doubtless the choicest is the library of 10,000 Bibles in 500 or more languages, and time would fail me to tell of this or of a dozen other things only less interesting. The Bible House is situated in a neighborhood full of fascination to the lover of England and English history. Its nomenclature is saturated with the memories of an elder day.

Creed Lane

Right next to the Bible House stands an old parish church where William Romeyn, among others, once preached. It is named after two saints, St. Anne and St. Andrew, who, once separated, are now joined in this edifice. "St. Andrew's by the Wardrobe" is quaintly so called because Edward III costumes were once stored thereabouts. I found myself, as it fell out, in Warwick Lane, and asked my way. "Go down Creed Lane," one said, "or——" but I heard no more, for I said, "Creed Lane is good enough for me"; but, as will sometimes happen to those who follow creeds, I grew a little perplexed, and this time asked a policeman, one of those good *genii* who have oversight of the wandering mazes of London town, and he replied, "Go right down Godlyman Street," and so I did; for although I believe in creeds, even more I love the society of godly men, and so presently found myself as in a dream, wondering whether I had been transformed into a somebody in the Pilgrim's Progress as I came over St. Andrew's Hill, and then in a little while was received into the goodly fellowship of all the saints of the Bible House. I had begun my day by worshiping in St. Paul's, but found the church in the Bible House not less comforting.

STREET SCENE IN NORMANDY

An Englishman's house may be his castle; the Bible House, however, is not unlike a palace and yet more like a home, first for the Bible itself, then for the Society, who have in a measure custody thereof. It was my rare privilege to be made at home there and to taste the warmth of an English welcome, which can only be described by saying that the very essence of Christmas cheer was in it, as is meet and right no doubt at the Advent season. It was not, however, courtesy alone; discussions and conferences over the knotty problems of versions, editions, and circulation followed during the week which followed, but the most vivid impression from beginning to end was that these two Societies are truly auxiliary to each other in the fulfillment of the great tasks committed to them.

Now we are in Paris, with a day at Cherbourg. The picturesque coast of Normandy had nothing more picturesque for me than its children, of whom it seemed to have, judging from Cherbourg, a full share. Some of our "Bible lovers" may be interested to look on the pictures of one of these little groups. In Paris our kind Dr. Bertrand, Secretary of the Société Biblique de France has, with his family, greatly helped me to do what needed to be done.

Paris is—Paris, unique, fascinating, mysterious, but how the heart longs to see the Bible set in its proper place! The modest Bible House on the Rue de Lille stands outwardly in notable contrast with the glitter of the Opera House or the Louvre or the Sainte Chapelle. A hasty visit to the Sorbonne, with its crowds of eager student enthusiasts deepens one's impression, already strong enough, that America has a debt to France, not yet fully paid. We must help give the saving salt of a divine literature that the learning, the wit, the philosophy, the æsthetic culture of La Belle France may be delivered from the corruption of this world and its fictitious glories. May we be able to help the Société Biblique de France in years to come as in years past.

We seemed to have happened in France at

a psychological moment in its checkered religious history. The government has made a new law providing for the due recognition of all religious organizations as legal; all equally entitled to the protection of the State, and all alike subject to its authority in matters belonging to the civil sphere. Each worshiping congregation is required to form an "*association culturelle*," or "*worship association*," much as our own congregations are wont to do. I was present at the American Chapel on Sunday, and witnessed what seemed to correspond to the election of a Board of Trustees, *mutatis mutandis*. This law all Protestant churches comply with, but as if to mark the contrast, the Pope rejected even the generous compromise which M. Briand, Minister of Public Worship, had offered to save the Roman conscience, and peremptorily ordered his clergy to disobey the law. "They wish war," M. Clemenceau is quoted in the *Matin* as saying, "war they shall have," and war *a l'outrance* it seems likely to be—shutting the doors of Roman churches generally as a penalty. Never was the papal theory of church government reduced to more palpable absurdity. His Holiness cannot even permit his clergy (though they are many of them not of his mind) to obey the most necessary law of a modern state, and render to Cæsar Cæsar's due. The contrast between this and the Bible-governed Reformed Church of France is marked.

The loveliest sight that my eyes beheld in Paris was not the Boulevards nor the Champs Elysées nor any temple of art or culture: but a little group of children in the Ecole de Dimanche (the more familiar Sunday School, dear to our American speech), where a young girl, baton in hand, taught the children to sing their "Chansons Noël." I heard, though with imperfect understanding, the good *pasteur* open the Scriptures to these eager little listeners, and felt my own heart burn within me as our intercessions for each other ascended to the Throne of the Heavenly Grace.

THE KAISER WILHELM II

II. Bible Societies in Rome

BAEDEKER'S GUIDE has earned so rare a place in the good opinion of travelers that it is almost counted like finding spots on the sun to pick flaws in it. But the good Baedeker nods once, even in the latest edition, in that it makes no allusion whatever to the British and Foreign Bible Society and its well-appointed depot at 63 Via due Macelli. Inasmuch as the learned author mentions everything else, from the Vatican and the Coliseum down to fans and umbrellas, it would not be amiss to notice a place which, though devoid of pretension to earthly renown, is likely to become a center of power in Rome. Christian people might profitably pay a visit to the Rev. John Thomas, the Society's Agent, whose office it is thus to minister the Eternal Word in the Eternal City. The Bible Society of Scotland is also well represented by the Rev. Dr. Gray, the pastor for many years of the Scotch Presbyterian Church. The former society reports for last year a total circulation in Italy of 116,578 copies, at an expenditure of £7,734, and with thirty-two colporteurs. This is a good record indeed, considering that in Italy every third man and every second woman is illiterate.

THE REV. P. GIOVANNI GENOCCHI
Professor in the College of the Sacred Heart, Rome, Italy

Our own American Society also makes a yearly grant to the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy, whose headquarters are in Rome.

But there is another agency, more recently begun, of which the RECORD has already spoken—the Society of St. Jerome, *nomen clarissime*, organized under the authorization of the Vatican itself. It has already published the Gospels and Acts in popular and excellent Italian (with notes), and now contemplates the publication of the Epistles. These books the society circulates at very cheap prices, and the number of copies scattered thus all over Italy now reaches 400,000. In Rome it can be obtained at 63 Via due Macelli, though not as a part of the ordinary transactions of the Bible Society.

Encouraged and aided, therefore, by Mr. Thomas, I ventured to present myself at the College of the Sacred Heart, in which Father Giovanni Genocchi, prominently connected with the Society of St. Jerome, is a professor. All doubt as to what my welcome would be vanished when Father Genocchi met me on the threshold with a greeting so hearty that it made me feel at home at once. Sitting in his parlor chatting familiarly on topics of mutual interest, especially in connection with the Bible and what it stands for, it was hard to realize that we were not in the Bible House. A day or two later my host became my guest at afternoon tea at our hotel, where a few congenial friends were gathered; an informal expression was given to the reality of that spiritual oneness which binds together all who love our Lord Jesus Christ. My party went on next day to Naples in order to be ready to take ship there, while I tarried a few hours longer at Rome to enjoy again Roman hospitality.

This time I was Father Genocchi's guest at the college commons in their refectory. It is a missionary college; its students are mostly the missionaries-to-be to New Guinea, where Father Genocchi himself labored for years, coming there into spiritual touch with a Scottish Presbyterian, St. James—the devoted and now martyred James Chalmers. It was my great privilege to break bread with professors and students in the fellowship of college life, bowing at first as we stood about the table in the use of the solemn and beautiful Latin "Benedicite." A spirit of Christmas cheer seemed present. Father Genocchi speaks excellent English, and so do some of his students,

who are Americans and Italian-Americans. With the rest, we soon fell into a kind of patois of French and Spanish, in condescension to my linguistic infirmities. *Dejeuner* finished, we adjourned to the college library for "coffee and repartee," or, rather, for frank and sympathetic converse over the topics that are natural to such an occasion and amid such learned surroundings, in the library and afterward in my host's parlor.

THE COLISEUM AND ARCH OF TITUS

The *Codex Vaticanus*, the Septuagint, the place of St. Augustine in theology, even the intellectual rank of John Calvin, were touched on. It was interesting to note that besides shelves full of patrology, there were others almost as full of modern theological works, and that in English, which tongue I was told was commonly learned, at least as a reading language. The young men seemed alert and awake to modern thought, as well as to ancient precedent. Such an atmosphere, let us be sure, means a searching of the Scriptures, and our Lord will, as of old, open the Scriptures to these with whom he still walks and makes himself known in the breaking of bread. May he never vanish out of their sight.

SCALA SANTA

I have wandered during the last few days, visiting the familiar places that I learned to love twenty-five years ago. Father Genocchi was a student in Rome then, he told me. "Rome has changed much in twenty-five years," he added, "and for the better; yes, for the better."

The Coliseum still stands, and Rome with it. In St. Peter's the poor peasants were still kissing away the bronze toe of the statue, and I heard again the antiphonal chanting of the priests in the choir chapel. "Italy has no religion," a young Italian sadly confessed to me, he himself having been partly educated by the Benedictines in a famous monastery. But the Lord has his faithful ones in whom his Word abides. Let us lift our hearts in prayer —the true *scala santa*—that Rome may again become the Light of Italy, or, if it please God, of the world—a veritable *mater ecclesiarum*.

And may the Society of St. Jerome live to publish more abundantly the *Verbum Dei*.

Since the above was written the Pope has addressed a letter to Cardinal Cassetta, the Honorary President of the Society, commending it in glowing terms for what it has done, but alas! requiring it to "hold as a sufficient field of labor for itself to publish the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles." This restriction must be a sad interruption, and perhaps foreshadows others still more serious.

III. First Impressions of India

THREE weeks in India can hardly entitle the traveler to do more than set down his first impressions, together with such facts as he may have gathered. In the present case this is further limited by the point of view of the traveler, which is generally missionary and specifically what centers in the Bible House.

Landing at Colombo, Kandy is within easy reach—a charming bit of greenery 1,700 feet above the sea and surrounded by mountains 5,000 or 6,000 feet higher, which are clad with verdure to their very summits. It might easily mislead the uninformed, for it throws Buddhism into the foreground of the picture quite out of focus, as though India were a Buddhist country. Remembering that Sakyamuni first appeared as a religious leader in Benares, it is easy to forget that he failed in India, and that his followers number much less than one per cent of the population of the empire.

As we rode along in the train en route to Kandy, a picturesque procession of priests in their saffron robes and umbrellas heightened the impression of Buddhism as a living reality. In Kandy the attraction to sightseers is the famous "Temple of the Tooth." This is not, *sit venia verbo*, a glorification of dentistry, but is due to a large tooth (as large as an alligator's, people say), carefully kept in a shrinê, which no one may see without special permission from some very high official. It is said to be Buddha's tooth, and before its shrine his followers worship, although, as is well known, "Lord Gautama's" first message was against all idolatry. The beautiful temple and its sacred enclosure are quiet and suggestive of meditation, rather than the showy and sensuous spectacles to which we were soon to be introduced in southern India.

I found my way to the library, which is not unworthy of the name and traditions of the sage. The librarian-priest brought forth his treasures to show me—one precious manuscript which he said was eight hundred years old. Seeing a book in a locked case, I asked what it was. "It is a Roman Catholic Bible," he replied, but when brought out it was seen to be a Sanskrit Bible published by the American and Foreign (Baptist) Bible Society. Near it in this Buddhist arcanum was a copy of the Singalese Bible published by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Thus the seed is sown beside all waters. Since then we have seen many Hindoo temples and some Mohammedan mosques, but no Buddhist shrines.

From Colombo we went, of course, to southern India, visiting the great Hindoo temples at Madura, Trichinopoli, Tanjore, Vellore, and, latest of all, at Benares in northern India, and worst of all also. One may read of it and hear of it all his life, but it is with an altogether new sense of the strength of the clutch of false religion on its devotees that we behold the worship of the grinning monkey god, and the grotesque elephant god, and a long array of other hideosities which still hold these hapless children of the East in cruel bondage.

The marks of Siva and Vishnu are daubed on the foreheads of coolie and scholar alike. You see them everywhere. Ganesh, and the dark Durga, and the malign Kali are your familiars until it is easy to understand with

what a spell these dark phantoms of the mind must hold these poor people, who have never known anything else. All the more is this true when the roots of these evil superstitions are tangled with the meshes of the black magic of the caste system. It seemed the more pitiful when it is so plain that this people is itself of a noble caste when compared with other peoples, not only capable of higher things but of having achieved them. The Taj, an exquisite love poem in stone, and the Pearl Mosque are enough to prove this.

It is pleasant to remember that we are of the same Aryan stock and have many points of natural affinity. Linguistically we and most of Europe inherit from the Sanskrit. Nor need we disparage the greatness of their earlier sages and the almost splendor of their later philosophical pantheism. Nevertheless, and with all the abatements made which one's heart impels him to make, it is the sobering fact that the valiant band of Christian missionaries are wrestling not with flesh and blood, but with giant forms of hoary iniquity, and the great mass of the common people in India must be lifted as a man lifts a dead weight. It it a grim and deadly battle, but no one who has seen, as I have seen, as many as five well-organized missions out of the many that exist can doubt the issue.

BATHING IN THE GANGES, BENARES

At Madura we were hospitably treated by the missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreigr Missions, at their head Dr. J. P. Jones, whose praise is in all the churches. At Vellore I had but part of the day to see, with Dr. Wyckoff, the splendid Arcot Mission of the Reformed (Dutch) Church of America. From there it was a far cry to Lahore in the north to see the Punjab (Presbyterian) Mission, and especially the Foreman Christian College, with Dr. J. C. R. Ewing at its head, a man with a boundless influence in the Punjab; and it was delightful, midway between these two, to receive the generous welcome of the master missionary, Dr. R. A. Hume, and his choice company of scholars and well-skilled laborers in the Marathi Mission at Ahmednagar.

A glance at the map will show those who have patience to follow that it is no light undertaking to cover so much territory in a short time. From Lahore to Allahabad, with its thriving Presbyterian College under Dr. A. H. Ewing, and thence, *via* Benares, to Calcutta, where we are to embark for Rangoon and Singapore at dawn to-morrow, has brought up our total to about 4,000 miles of travel. It is impossible within the limits of such an article to paint details or give the minutiæ relating to these five important strategic centers of missionary operations. They are probably, taken together, fairly typical of the American missions in India. In their range they embrace all forms of evangelizing activity. There is, first, education from the kindergarten, where it was sweet to hear little girls sing our western music to Marathi words, up to the full academic and post-graduate courses of a well-organized college, leading its students to university degrees of B. A. and M. A., Sanskrit and Persian taking the place of Latin and Greek. Then comes "evangelizing" in the more restricted sense of the word—that is, preaching in the bazaars, itinerating in the villages, and in various ways.

Medical work in the hospitals, both for men and for women, bulks largely—industrial training also; and then the usual forms of organized church life. To mention one shining instance, I saw a Bible class of young women who have been studying with careful exegesis the Book of Amos. Their teacher, Miss Swift, of the Madura Mission, is a gifted, scholarly woman who has published her own text-books. She assured me that she found no lack of interest in the study of the Old Testament as well as the New among her pupils. How many women at home study Amos? I count it one of the privileges of a lifetime to have spoken to two audiences of four hundred college men at Lahore and again to one hundred at Allahabad, of which the vast majority were either Hindoo or Mohammedan in creed. More responsive and eager listeners I never had anywhere.

At Ahmednagar Dr. Hume asked me to speak of the Bible to his inspiring audience of twelve hundred Hindoo Christians gathered in the splendid church recently finished for them, and at Lahore I had an audience less in number, but of like quality.

These impressions of the growth and power of Christian missions in a country still non-Christian, and in general intensely anti-Christian, were sharpened one morning when a native face, with that charming smile which I have learned to think characteristic of India, appeared at the window of our railway carriage and in broken English besought us to buy some Tamil Gospels and other portions of the Bible. This was "Chota hazri" (the "little breakfast" of India), which everyone takes before the heavier breakfast, in a sense novel and refreshing. What would all this mission work amount to *minus* the Bible? The early morning colporteur is a fair sample of what the British and Foreign Bible Society has done and is doing all over India. We met it first at Kandy, where the pastor of the Scotch Church (composed largely of the Eurasian people, but having a Scotch elder of the best type) gave the Bible work his supervision and support, his elder helping him in it.

From Ceylon to the Punjab the same impressions meet us wherever we go, of a well-planned and well-executed programme for the supply of the Scriptures to the missionaries and their churches, and through them as rapidly as possible to all readers. So far as figures can tell it, 650,000 copies annually is the net result, but figures can only adumbrate the magnitude of the blessing brought to India by this mother of Bible societies, whose adequacy for the task divinely committed to her never seems better illustrated than in India.

The Bible House at Allahabad is under the direction, it is pleasant to record, of an American Presbyterian missionary, the Rev. T. S. Wynkoop, who represents the British and Foreign Bible Society officially, and who has long been familiar with India and its needs. It is not exclusively a "Bible House," but the Tract Society in it provides the religious literature needed for mission work, a storage reservoir both for the Bible and the literature which it has created. Though not as beautiful as the Taj, it means more for India. With this as a base, Mr. Wynkoop has a carefully planned system of colportage by which, with fifty or more colporteurs, he reaches (with the co-operation of the missionaries) an immense population.

As the illiterate millions learn to read, and this we may be assured they will do in the not distant future, the resources of the Bible Society and its supporters may be more severely taxed. Our British and Foreign brethren are able to say that they have never refused a request from any mission. It is a noble record and will never, we hope, need to be changed. The tale of blessings brought by the British to India must include this as one of the chiefest. We may envy them, with innocuous envy, their splendid opportunity, and congratulate them that they use it so well.

THE TAJ MAHAL

IV. To Siam by Way of Burma and Malaysia

THE geography of this part of the world is rather obscure in the minds of many Americans, even those ordinarily well informed. Letters to Penang, we were told, are often addressed to China, and one had just come when we arrived addressed to South Africa. It is not strange that there should be some confusion. Indo-China is charted on some maps as stretching from Burma to Annam, including the whole of that great peninsula of which northern Siam is about the center. The name is applied, however, by others and more usually rather to the French possessions, Cambodia, Cochin China, Annam, and Tonquin. The approach to Bangkok, therefore, from Calcutta is by way of Rangoon, where we were compelled to wait three days for a steamer connection. It was not at all hard to be resigned to this, for it gave us at least a glimpse of Burma and forms a good introduction to the Indo-China peninsula, the pendant to the Indian peninsula.

Burma is indeed classed politically as part of India, being under British rule, but its geographic and ethnic relationship puts it into a different category. It is a good way to approach Siam for another reason—it is predominantly Buddhist, just as Siam is, though the latter is so in even a greater degree. The Buddhism of Burma is compounded apparently with the aboriginal nature-worship which the race now dominant there found when they entered it from the north. The worship of *nats* (good and evil spirits, or genii) is a curious phenomenon, and is strangely fused with the system of religious atheism known as Buddhism.

Rangoon is not thoroughly Buddhist by any means, just as India is not all Hindoo. The day of our arrival one of the daily papers contained an account of a serious riot between Hindoo and Mohammedan laborers at Insein, ten miles outside of the city. The Hindoos resented the proposed killing of a cow by the Mohammedans as an insult to their religious faith, attacked the Mohammedans, killed two and wounded six, and were even then with difficulty subdued by the police. A large fraction of the population come from India and are either Hindoo or Mohammedan in religion. In Mandalay, the old capital, however, 152,000 out of 178,000 are Buddhist, and this is more truly an exponent of Burma in general. In Rangoon Buddhism is the dominant cult.

Here is the greatest of Buddhist shrines, the famous Shwé Dagon, or Golden Padoga. It contains—*mirabile dictu*—eight hairs of Buddha, besides other relics only less sacrosanct. These are buried in an edifice so unique that it deserves its rank among the wonders of the Orient. It is quite impossible to describe it briefly. In architectural fame it is not improperly classed with the Taj Mahal, from which, however, it is separated by a chasm if considered with reference to any ideal of beauty. The chasteness, delicacy, and exquisite grace of the Indian masterpiece must be forgotten before we can admire the Shwé Dagon. Yet it has its own fascination. One of our party, on the theory that architecture is frozen music, likened it to the Hungarian Rhapsody, and another, with more audacity, suggested the most Browningesque of Browning's poems, "Sordello," for instance, as belonging in the same order of architecture.

The pagoda proper is 1,350 feet in circumference and 375 in height, or a little higher than St. Paul's Cathedral in London. This vast erection, beginning as an octagon of brick, swells into a dome shape, and then, diminishing as it rises higher into a cylindrical spire, reaches its climax in a *htee*, or metal umbrella. It is covered with gold leaf almost from the base to the very top, and its *htee* is further adorned with costly jewels.

> "If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

But no Sir Walter of Burma has yet sung, as some wizard of the East might, the Shwé Dagon by moonlight. Its magic bewitches the eye, while the ear is carried captive by a chime of 1,200 or 1,500 gold and silver bells hung in the very top. This unseen chime, usually inaudible by day, is swayed by the night wind into an irregular but altogether delicious symphony, now swelling, now dying away, but never quite ceasing its aerial tintinnabulation. Shakespeare never fancied anything more enchanting for the fairies of a midsummer night's dream; or Tennyson, with his 'horns of elfland faintly blowing.'

But at the base of this strange and splendid structure, echoing with its midnight minstrelsy, a picturesque but saddening spectacle is never absent by day, continuing often far into the night. Around the greater are lesser shrines, containing innumerable marble and gilded colossal images of Lord Gautama. I counted forty more shrines. He who forbade all images to his followers, yea, even forbade God himself to be in their thoughts as a per-

sonal God, is imaged everywhere, with vain repetition. In a thousand bizarre and grotesquely carved shrines and pillars, some of them echoing with greater bells than those hanging far above, a throng of men and women are bowing down, as in ancient times idolaters bowed before the golden image of Nebuchadnezzar. Flowers and incense are for sale in the approaches to the shrines, and the great stone-paved court about the pagoda seemed like a rendezvous for friends and acquaintances (and for dogs also), as well as a shrine.

The Burmese are famous for their kindly manners and pleasant ways, and all these may be seen and felt by the passing stranger as he mingles with them. He must be dull of heart, though, who can pass by without seeing the infinite pitifulness of it all—the bondage to puerile superstition hardly masking an essential atheism. No gilding or regilding either by oriental architects or occidental poets can effectually disguise its true inwardness.

Burma is filled with pagodas, some scarcely less beautiful than this. Its "tinkly temple bells" ring everywhere and bear witness to the groaning desires of the human heart for the true God and eternal life. It was a keen pleasure over against these empty splendors to see, as it happened I was able to see, the results of half a century and more of Baptist missions in Rangoon. The Karens, once despised by the Burmans, are a hill tribe ruder than their neighbors of the plains. These have been taken by the Baptist apostles and their successors and lifted up to the stature of manhood. I was present first at the graduating exercises of the women's school for Bible readers, and heard them singing English anthems and reading Karen essays on Scriptural topics; then at the commencement exercises of the Theological Seminary at Insein I heard the orations of the first twelve of a class of thirty-five Karen graduates. One of them had for his theme, "Come over into Macedonia and help us"; and as he spoke with fervor to his class-mates on this well-worn theme, one of the missionaries sitting by me interpreted to me how he was pleading with his brethren to go into the outlying regions with the Gospel—a true foreign missionary appeal. Nearly 50,000 Karen converts, with a native ministry, trained thoroughly, is a glorious record.

It was instructive to hear from the lips of Dr. Smith, the president, and his colleagues, reminiscences of Bible translation by the earliest pioneers, and even more quickening to sit in a classroom where English was used (in the high school). Close exegetical study was there given to a chapter in Isaiah, each lad reading a written analysis of it. This was part of a graded course of Bible study occupying the first part of every school day in a school which numbered in all 1,500 pupils.

The American Baptist Mission Press in Rangoon is a power for righteousness and enlightenment worth far more than all the pagodas in Burma. It is hardly necessary for me to point the moral for the Bible Society. Every detail of the business of Bible translation, printing, publishing, and circulating, needs the most careful and thorough attention in all eastern lands if the missionary propaganda is to be permanently successful, nor must Christians fall behind Buddhists, who lavishly furnish gold for their shrines.

From Rangoon, after three crowded days, we took ship for Penang, a charming seaside city, and there disembarking, caught a still briefer glimpse of Malaysia, but one truly astonishing. The wonders of the jungle, the thrill of strange adventure on the pirate coast of Malacca, are things familiar enough in books read perhaps in boyhood, but who would have thought it possible to be whirled along in the luxury of a well-appointed railway (wiring in advance for "tiffin") nearly through the length of the Malay peninsula, often in dense jungle, which is even yet the haunt of troops of wild elephants, tigers, and pythons, and where thirty years ago savage beasts and still more savage men roamed supreme.

From Penang to Kuala Lumpur in one day, and then, after a night's rest, to old "Malacca Town" which we reached at noon; and then at night to be rowed in a Malay *prahn* out over the shallow sea to intercept and board the steamship "Malacca," a little coaster which took us, along with a load of Chinese, to Singapore—all this made a journey so unlike the ordinary routine of travel that we seemed to be living in dreamland. Yet it was not dreamland but Malaysia, thronging with not only Malay but especially with Chinese life. We felt ourselves already under the spell of the Middle Kingdom, for the streets of Penang, Malacca, and, much more, of Singapore, echoed with the tread of Chinese invaders. The "yellow peril" is upon Singapore. Of its 220,000 inhabitants 120,000 are Chinese; yet, strange to tell, these Chinese speak Malay rather than their own tongue. Indeed, the "Babas," that is, those born in the Straits Settlements, consider Malay their mother tongue—not the "high" Malay, but the low or "Baba" Malay.

At Kuala Lumpur we saw Bishop Oldham, of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, and some of the group of devoted ministers who were soon to meet in Conference.

V. Siam—En Route to China

WE have just left the harbor of Koh-Sichang, the largest of a little group of islands lying fifty miles south of Bangkok, where we took on cargo. It was our last glimpse of Siam and at the same time a kind of prelude to China. The harbor held a little squadron of ships, several of them Nordeutsch liners, including our own, the *Phranang*, of 1,800 tons. Such vessels cannot take on their cargo in the river at Bangkok, for the bar at its mouth, thirty miles below, would be impassable for them; so they must come to this roadstead, followed by "lighters." They are officered by Germans, but with Chinese crews, as are the lighters also, though some of them are junk-rigged and add picturesqueness to the harbor. It is an odd sight to see the Chinese coolie, almost naked and dripping with perspiration, carrying a 200-pound rice bag, fluttering his pretty fan meanwhile with the grace of a Pompadour. The Bangkok newspapers advertise the fleet of twenty-eight steamers of this line between Bangkok and Singapore, or Bangkok, Hongkong, and Swatow, and almost every steamer going out from Bangkok flies the German flag. Even a two weeks' trip in Siam reveals the degree in which European nations are contending for the trade of the East.

WAT SUTAT, BANGKOK

It emphasizes the inevitable delay of travel in these parts that we were obliged to spend three or four days in the little port of Koh-Sichang. At the last moment our ever-faithful Mr. Carrington, long known to the readers of the RECORD, as the Agent of the Society for Siam, was persuaded to accompany us and stay part of the time. Thereby we had the unique and happy experience of helping him to preach the gospel where probably it never had been preached before.

Koh-Sichang

Koh-Sichang has two fishing villages lying quite near together. In the midst of the larger of these we took our places one morning and began to sing "Take the name of Jesus with you," and other familiar hymns. In a few moments a small audience, first of children and then of their elders, came flocking out of their huts and shops—fifty or a hundred in all. There were four of our party besides Mr. Carrington and the good captain of the *Phranang*. Mr. Carrington stood forth and preached to the villagers of God as the Creator of the world and of all mankind, the children of one family, and as their Redeemer in Jesus Christ. They seemed to give good heed. One old man, evidently the head man or elder of the village, sat cross-legged on the ground with serious mien, as if listening to every word.

At Mr. Carrington's request, I spoke briefly in English, while he interpreted, telling them of God's book and our reason for being there, promising to try to send them some copies in the near future. After some further words and more singing the little service closed with prayer, and we went on to the next village, followed by some bright-faced children who seemed unwilling to part with us, and brought us little gifts of flowers. A few minutes brought us to the next village, but it was impossible to repeat our efforts there, as it was mainly a Chinese village.

It may be added that we found one bright-looking young man, a Burman, who declared

"I am a Christian," and two young women, children of a Portuguese trader, who were Roman Catholics, but without priest or church. So, doubtless, God has his hidden ones. What we saw here may be seen all over Siam—"multitudes scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd." Who will minister to them?

High up on the hill overlooking Koh-Si-chang we had seen from the ship the now familiar outline of a little pagoda, which we subsequently visited. It is one of a group of buildings erected by the King of Siam as a summer palace, and almost the only one now left standing. His Majesty, it is said, spent millions of *ticals* upon them, laying out Italian gardens, with huge pools of water in cavernous reservoirs hewn in the solid rock, terrace after terrace exquisitely adorned, connected with flights of magnificent stone steps, which still lead the traveler through the jungle thickets which now have rapidly overgrown the planned beauty of this royal pleasure-palace—such a garden as Solomon might have loved. It was occupied, and, we were told, wrecked, by the French invaders of 1893, and the king has never returned to it, though other reasons are assigned by some for the fact. The climax of misfortune seemed reached when a Norwegian sea captain stole the Buddha from the shrine on top of the hill, and though he was compelled to give up his plunder, the image has vanished from its throne under the dome of the pretty pagoda.

As we made our way through the thickets in the dusk of the evening, it was impossible not to feel the pathos of the situation. All this is perhaps worth noting, because Koh-Sichang is not a bad epitome of Siam itself—beautiful, full of a quaint, archaic charm, overshadowed by the huge bulk of more powerful eastern neighbors, menaced by the aggression of European states, yet with quiet dignity maintaining her own individuality, making the best of a difficult situation; and, in spite of obstacles which even the best diplomacy finds it hard to overcome, gaining in prestige and in respect the attention of the civilized world more and more every year.

Siam, and Bangkok especially, is made by its river—Menam, foreigners call it, which simply means "the river." Great ocean vessels, though they cannot cross its bar when fully laden, find in some places ninety feet of water in the heart of the city. No grand canal in Venice or elsewhere is like the Bangkok Menam. It is a curious experience to step out of a boat, make your way through a tropical growth into the house of a great banking institution having many branches through the East, and have a clerk cash your draft while the birds fly in at the windows and hop about his ears. The city, with a population exceeding one-half a million, covers an area of fifty or sixty square miles, lying not only on both sides of the river, but along the banks of many *klongs*, or canals, so that one can ride through miles of watery streets and a thick population, whose front doors and doorsteps open into the water, and can see whole families, old and young, men and women, and even with babies, plunging and splashing on every hand. He may stop if he will and buy from the shops whose fronts are open riverward, or he may disembark and visit a temple, or factory, or palace, almost any kind of building, modern or antique. On other streets, more like our own, lined with the usual oriental structures, street-car lines run, apparently, with as reckless unconcern as New York street-cars.

We visited the royal palace, a rare combination of Italian and Siamese architecture, which, however, strangers usually must see, as we did, only from the outside. We looked at the Emerald Idol in its beautiful shrine, the sleeping Buddha, 150 feet long as he lies in his temple bed, and the white elephants, which are not as white as they are painted.

A day was given to Ayuthia, once the capital of Siam until the Burmese armies attacked it and the Siamese retreated to the present seat of government—Ayuthia, a city, even more than Bangkok, built on the banks of river and canal, where ruins of temples, once

THE BANKS OF THE MENAM, BANGKOK

ENTRANCE AT WAT POH, BANGKOK

immense and splendid, now are rapidly being buried in jungle.

We crowded all that could be crowded into an all too brief two weeks, including four days at Koh-Sichang. To us the chiefest, and the best, of course, was the American Presbyterian Mission, of which our Mr. Carrington was for years, prior to his appointment as our own agent, an honored member. His work still interlaces so closely with that of the mission that it is easiest to speak of them together. A morning was spent with him and his colporteurs, a fine band of native Christians, tried by years of experience in the work, who have this year sold between 17,000 and 18,000 copies of the Scriptures or some of its parts. It is no reflection on them to add that Mr. Carrington, himself, sold nearly 19,000 copies, and that the total circulation, greater than that of any previous year, is largely due to his unwearied faithfulness. He would not, perhaps, permit me to make this statement if he knew it, but it is simple justice to him to do so. His modesty is such that his own pen would never describe all his extensive journeyings, his self-denying labors, his consecration to the cause; so it is a joy to me to make public this tribute to his devotion.

From one end of the country to the other he is known by all classes, Christian and Buddhist, as a veritable apostle to the Siamese, not only selling books, but ministering to them in a score of ways—at times even to their physical and always to their spiritual needs, with a self-effacing zeal which is beyond praise. He sells Bibles in temples, railway cars, gambling houses, and country villages alike. He has been associated in evangelizing tours with Dr. Eugene P. Dunlap, the evangelist par excellence of the mission, and these two have made many a long journey to "the Bengal side," suffering privations that they are slow to tell about, but which ought not to pass unnoticed by the church at home. In addition to this, Mr. Carrington has the care of the stock of books, all the business details of handling them, keeping the accounts of the Agency, and laboring at the translation and revision of the Scriptures into Siamese, in which he is an acknowledged master.

But the chief thing, ever pressing upon him, and which came through him to press more heavily upon me, is the burden of "the regions beyond." It was impossible to go to the Laos country, where the Presbyterians have, as is well known, quite as important a mission, which it takes six weeks to reach from Bangkok, and this Mr. Carrington finds impossible to visit, and it should be visited, of course. Then, too, the Siamese provinces in the Malay peninsula demand equal or greater attention, for there are almost no missionaries; and beyond the eastern border of Siam lies Cambodia, and beyond that again other unevangelized states.

Under Mr. Carrington's wise and gentle handling, Buddhist priests in their temples made translations for him of two books of the New Testament into Cambodian, writing them out in beautiful script with their pens. These, through a photographic process, the Society published, and of course he now desires to circulate them, if possible in Cambodia itself. So it will be seen that our work in Siam principally needs enlargement—a "forward movement." To say this, indeed, is but to repeat what is true of most missions everywhere. The nations are ready—the church at home is unready.

Oh, that every Presbyterian congregation at home could see Siam as I saw it—even for two weeks. Their firing line is a gallant band, men and women bearing in a peculiar sense the burden and heat of the day—the dispiriting burden of almost ceaseless tropical sultriness. They have their fine mission press, under the Rev. J. B. Dunlap; an admirable high school for boys, under the Rev. W. G. McLure; the Wang Lang high school for girls, under Miss Edna S. Cole; a day school at Suwray, and three organized churches, reaching both Siamese and Chinese. In prospect, the Boon Itt Memorial—not to go

outside of Bangkok, to Petchaburee, Pitsanooloke, and elsewhere. But fine as all this is, what are these among so many—the seven millions of Siam? Those of us who have seen the dark shadow in which they live must re-echo the Macedonian cry—which the missionaries themselves raise—"Come over and help us."

It was given me to lead the missionary prayer meeting, attended not only by Presbyterians, but by such men as the veteran Baptist scholar, Dr. Samuel Smith, who at eighty-six is bringing out his Siamese dictionary; and Canon Greenstock, another veteran of the Church of England, and to preach three times on Sunday. The first impression needed no correction—Bible work and mission work in general imperatively needs immediate increase of men and means. This is the more clamant because of the extraordinary receptivity of the Siamese in their attitude toward Christianity.

Through the courteous kindness of the American Minister at Bangkok, Mr. Hamilton King, I was given, along with him, audience with the four chief princes of the kingdom: His Royal Highness Prince Damrong, Minister of the Interior, who is widely recognized as one of the most eminent Siamese statesmen; His Royal Highness the High Priest, Prince Vajiranana, the head of Buddhism in Siam; the Queen's brother, His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Siam; and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, His Royal Highness Prince Devawongse. It would take a separate letter to describe in detail the minutiæ of these interviews. Though they were none of them very long, there were yet many circumstances of interest connected with them, but for my present purpose it will be sufficient to say that Prince Damrong expressed himself in terms of unqualified approval of Christian missions in general, and of our own work and its representative, Mr. Carrington, in particular.

"Say to your friends," he remarked, "that the missionaries are as useful as ever," and followed this with expressions which showed how very useful this was. "Such men as Mr. Carrington," he added, "will always be welcome in Siam."

He touched on the need of missionaries being men of discretion and without fanaticism, but spoke as though it were a matter of course that Siam would welcome them. It was interesting to hear him speak also of the efforts of the Siamese Government to suppress gambling; and when I told him of the sympathy and approval which were felt among Americans at these efforts, he seemed pleased and responded warmly, and presently asked what he could do to make my stay in Siam pleasant and profitable to me.

An alert, resolute, thoughtful man of affairs this notable minister appeared devoid of any *hauteur*, but with entire grace and dignity, suggesting by his demeanor a master in the serious business which he has in hand.

We found Prince Devawongse overburdened with affairs of state, but kindly eager to accommodate us by an interview. He, too, touched on the welcoming attitude of Siam to Christian missionaries. "We have no Boxers in Siam," he said with a twinkling smile, and this, with some kindly expressions, made the gist of his remarks.

His Royal Highness the Crown Prince had all the dignity becoming his high rank, but was simple, direct, and wholly kindly and sympathethic in all that he said, especially when his recent visit to New York was referred to.

Buddhism is a tolerant religion. Mr. Carrington, as noted above, is able often to distribute his books in the precincts of Buddhist temples and find ready purchasers. We were not, therefore, unprepared for the kindly

TYPES OF PEOPLE, BANGKOK

greeting and welcoming hand-shake of His Royal Highness Prince Vajiranana. Before him the highest princes of the realm are wont to prostrate themselves in humblest abasement; yet if ever dignified simplicity found outward embodiment, it was here. A

slight, delicate, scholar-like man, bare-footed and with close-shaven head, clothed only in the famous yellow robe—and that not of silk, but the common stuff worn by every priest—he sat in his simply furnished reception-room, accompanied by his abbot, dressed in similar garb, and chatted familiarly, at times with a little touch of humor, about Buddhism, religious literature—more especially English books on such subjects. He is a Pali scholar of eminence, having edited, if I am rightly informed, some editions for the libraries of American universities. I told him of the studies in comparative religion which, as a student in the Theological Seminary, had been required of me, and he at once kindled into interest and told me of a volume in the "Encyclopædia of Religions" in English in which he took great interest, and expressed his great willingness to receive from me other similar work. "We read the Bible and the Koran," he said, and then assured me of the kindly regard in which the Christian teachers were held.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, MAHA VAJIRAVUDH,
Crown Prince of Siam

The time soon came for our departure, for we knew from his note (written with his own hand) our host had put himself out somewhat to give us audience; but after we had parted with repeated cordial handshakings, the prince-priest followed us to the porch outside, and, when we descended the flight of steps, repeated his kindly expressions, leaning a little over the railing and shaking his hand to emphasize his last significant words, "We are not jealous."

Such is the opening for the gospel and the Bible in Siam, as I saw it. There is a right and a wrong way of entering this open door. It is not needful for the ambassadors of Christ to conceal or abate His claim to be the one and only Master of all men and all nations. Let us pay no empty compliments and offer no mock homage to any other king. But may grace of speech and wisdom of demeanor be given to every missionary of every church, not to repulse nor undervalue the gentleness and kindly sympathy shown in so extraordinary a degree by the Royal High Priest of Siamese Buddhism. May he find our Royal High Priest and learn His grace!

MR. CARRINGTON TRAVELING IN SIAM

"SEVEN YOUNG GIRLS OF CANTON"

VI. China—First Impressions

HONGKONG is not China, but it is Chinese enough for a beginner—a good stepping-stone to Cathay. It is related to "China proper" somewhat as "pidgin" English is to both Chinese and English. This amusing *patois* is one of the first impressions. It is English in vocabulary and Chinese in syntax and accent. A thousand years ago Anglo-Saxon and Norman French were jumbled together roughly in a similar fashion, and out of it came the speech of Shakespeare and the English Bible. In the making of language necessity knows no law, and no one can predict what may come out of "pidgin" English, so largely used in the ports—another Bible language perhaps. Who can say?

The streets of Hongkong are very British looking, and the buildings also. The King Edward Hotel seems quite in place. From the ship the streets look like great, massive honeycombs, sparkling at night with a thousand glowing eyes; and by daylight they are seen to overflow the narrow levels by the water front, climbing up the steep sides of the rough mountain range which girdles the harbor, whose glorious beauty recalls the finest Scottish coast scenery. Its blue-green waters bear on their bosom the ships of many nations—warships, ocean liners, and merchantmen, but the Dragon flag flies with the others, and the fleet of junks and *sampans* of many a curious shape and sail is all Chinese.

The summit of the Peak, a mountain shooting up 1,800 feet out of and above the city, has English buildings to the very top, but Chinese sightseers climbed up, or were carried up with us, and in the English streets far below the throngs were Chinese. The hotel "boys," the coolies, the 'ricksha men, and in many streets the shopmen also, dispel any illusion that Hongkong is purely British. Across the bay at Kowloon, where some of the ocean liners lie, and for thirty miles farther inland, the British have recently "acquired," by purchase, a new patch of China. That was the second impression—the desperate struggle of western nations to pre-empt Chinese territory.

As I write now, two hundred miles up the Yang-tse River, a German warship lies a few yards off the shore, and this is quite a familiar sight.

How can we pre-empt this land for the King of Nations? That is the next and most burning impression. How is the Bible to be put in the place of the Confucian classics? God can, no doubt, use the commercial ambitions, the political diplomacy, even the wicked wars of rival nations, to bring this to pass, but all the victory must, after all, be won by spiritual weapons. Surely the Bible Societies have a great enough task—if they had not other than this—to help give the Chinese Bible to the Chinese churches as speedily, as abundantly, and in as perfect a form as possible.

We found our British and Foreign friends well established in Hongkong and busily at work; and at Canton, in the Kuang Tung Province, eighty miles up the Pearl River, the British and American Societies are working hand in hand, thoroughly auxiliary to each other. The generous gift of Dr. C. C. Selden, an American Christian physician, of two large, well-situated building lots, to the two Societies, has enabled the British Society to at once erect a fine residence and office for their representative, the Rev. Mr. Burkwall; and our own representative, the Rev. Alfred Alf, had just made the contract for some necessary filling in of our lot.

Canton is thoroughly and typically Chinese, a labarinthine city of crooked ways, so intricate and tangled that a guide was indispensable at first and desirable always. One must learn his way by something that corresponds to

HONGKONG FROM THE HARBOR

woodcraft in a forest. There is, to be sure, an island of refuge, Shameen, where the foreign consulates, the banks, the one hotel, and the foreign residences are situated; and on the edges and suburbs of the native city there are some more open places and passable roadways. But usually the street called "straight" does not run. There is no wheeled vehicle—not a 'ricksha, scarcely a horse—in the city. One must either foot it or else be carried in a chair strung on poles ten or fifteen feet long. Our party started out for the first day (seven of us in all) with twenty-one bearers and one extra, a procession of nearly thirty. For myself, I must confess to a subconscious feeling of being at my own funeral, though very much alive to the thousand sights and sounds—and smells—that astonish and bewilder, and all but overpower the novice in the school of Chinese city life. The simple difficulty of getting about is one of the minor difficulties of missionary labor, and it is not a negligible difficulty, though it must be tried to be realized. But along these tortuous alleyways, from which in my swinging seat I could often touch the houses on either side, and where the passage of chairs usually needed caution there was every evidence of extraordinary thrift, skill, and industry in every handicraft of finer or coarser order. Business enterprise and success were obvious.

Canton is an immense, rich, prosperous hive of labor for a million people. The river front is an astonishing spectacle, with it myriad fleet of boats and ships of every shape, and size, and degree. Seven or eight hundred of the smaller river steamcraft are owned and run by the Chinese themselves. One of the surprises was to see the number of *sampans* owned, "manned," and run by women and young girls. Women are not foot-bound there, at least. Often with a baby strapped to their backs, or playing at their feet, or clutching at their mother's pantalooned leg, these Cantonese naiads handle their heavy oars, standing up to drive them with mighty strokes through the water, making difficult landings with huge bamboo boathooks, and all with an athletic grace and skill worthy of Hiawatha in his birch-bark canoe.

We visited the missions as far as possible, especially the Presbyterian Mission, which touches hands now (it is a sign of the times) with the New Zealand Presbyterian Mission recently established at Canton, the Hospital, the Medical School, the College and Theological School, the School for the Blind, the only asylum for the insane in China (with accommodations for fifty or seventy-five patients), and one of the Chinese churches on Sunday—all of which I was able to crowd into my few days; nor must I forget the Canton Christian College, the Women's Hospital and Medical School, where already young Chinese medical doctoresses are suc-

CANAL SCENE, SHAMEEN, CANTON

cessfully performing major operations. It was my privilege to preach to the missionary body on Sunday evening and to seek to impress upon them the duty of caring for their own bodies as well as for the souls and bodies of these perishing millions. Mr. Alf, our indefatigable host and helper, with his wife, provided an entertainment for them at his own house to meet me. He also had the colporteurs come for conference—a noble band of Christian workers.

The experience which most of all appealed to me as a "Bibleman" was a colporting trip to the country. The Swedish-American Mission maintains on the river a steamboat, owned, manned, and run by missionaries and their converts, with which they aim to reach the populations contiguous to the river for miles around the city. Miss Eriksen, of the mission, was our kindly hostess on the boat. We ran for an hour and then landed at a typical Chinese village. Mr. Alf and a couple of his colporteurs, armed with "portions," leading the way, we started through the stone-paved streets of this ancient hamlet, looking in at shop and smithy and temple and home, followed by an ever-increasing crowd of boys and girls, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin Town. Across the plowed field we took our way for miles to a second village, returning at high noon to rest under the spreading boughs of a great banyan tree. As we sat there the villagers gathered about us—a motley throng—and the ladies of our party made friends readily with their Chinese sisters, who eagerly examined them, and their clothes especially—for a woman's a woman "for a' that."

The pitying heart of womankind at home could not but be deeply stirred to behold the pains and sorrows of that great shut-in society—the women of China. Foot-binding is bad enough, but mind and heart-binding are worse. Yet the dawn of a better day is nigh. Women are learning to read and to think. The Word of God is not bound. A good many of our Bibles are in the homes, and that means the hearts of the women. Christ is making new Bethanies and has many Marys and Marthas in lonely Chinese villages. One great thing we can count on—the miracle of memory wrought in the Chinese mind by centuries of training. It is hard to believe the facts, they are so wonderful, but they are facts. I saw one young girl who actually learned the whole Westminster Shorter Catechism in a day and a half. Better still, the seven young girls, of Canton (whose photograph is here reproduced), have each of them repeated from memory the whole of the New Testament. What a sign of promise for the coming China!

THE SWEDISH-AMERICAN MISSION STEAMER

THE BUND, SHANGHAI

VII. Shanghai and the Valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang

SHANGHAI is the best gateway into "new China." It is the chief city of the province of Kiangsu—"the undoubted queen of the eighteen provinces," Dr. Martin calls it; and another recent authority declares that what is done in Kiangsu to-day sets the pace for all China to-morrow. It is traversed by the Grand Canal (650 miles long), a much more important instrument of civilization than the great wall, and by the mighty Yang-tse-Kiang, the Mississippi of China. Although Shanghai is better known to us at home than any other Chinese city, we found many things to surprise us. There is, first of all, here a Chinese city distinct from the foreign city. Its ancient walls and gates recall Shakespere's phrase, "a worm-eaten hold of ragged stone," but it is hidden to the newcomer when he lands by the International Settlement, the Shanghai of the foreigner. In this settlement, according to the latest figures, are 11,500 British, Japanese, Portuguese, Americans, Frenchmen, and other non-Chinese inhabitants; and outside a few hundred French subjects in a settlement of their own. Within this foreign cordon no Chinaman has a legal right of residence, yet nearly half a million Chinese are there. This influx began when the Taiping rebellion, half a century ago, brought swarms of refugees. The latest authority estimates in all the Shanghais a million Chinese. It needs no argument to show how serious a Chinese uprising would be under these circumstances.

Ocean steamers transfer their passengers at Wusung, sixteen miles down the Wusung River, and coming in the North Lloyd steamer from Hongkong, we were carried thence by the company's tender up to the city, where we were instantly surrounded by a multitudinous sea of Chinamen, who seemed ready to swallow us up, repeating the impression, made on us everywhere, of the indescribable populousness of this amazing country. This impression never left me while I was in China —of "a great multitude that no man could number," though alas! far from being an elect host.

The "foreign" city is beautifully laid out, in the general style of an American or European town. There is a "Bund," or street, facing the river, with its brilliant water panorama of ships of all nations, a public garden, banks, clubs, hotels, churches, and mercantile palaces. The Sikh police are an interesting souvenir of India which the traveler finds in many places in the East. The city has its daily morning and evening newspapers, especially the *North China Daily Herald*. One set of streets is named for Chinese cities—Nanking Road, Peking Road, etc.—and the cross streets for the provinces; so that the nomenclature is a good lesson in the geography of all China. Our hotel was on the Bund and the Nanking Road.

A "'ricksha" ride up the latter is a thing long to be remembered. Jehu, driving furiously, was surely the father of such as run in the Nanking Road. At breakneck speed they dash madly on for miles, dodging in and out among the intricate masses of men and vehicles by a dozen hairbreadth escapes, only avoiding collisions by the magical skill with which everybody gets out of everybody else's way. The road at first leads through foreign buildings, then enters a Chinese section, where the shop fronts have a barbaric gorgeousness of red and gold and brilliant green, and the yellow dragon flag swings from many a bamboo pole, until at last, flying by the gay race-course and into the famous "Bubbling Well Road," the wondering traveler is ushered into a land of quiet villas and sweet fields, dressed in living green and yellow rape flowers, and great open vistas of plain and sky where on a May-day a

Maypole and some old English songs would seem much in place.

A glance is enough to show why such a city is the best base-line for foreign influence, and why the headquarters of mission work are here. There are more than 200 missionaries living here, representing 32 missionary societies. The Young Men's Christian Association, the Methodist Publishing House, the Presbyterian Mission Press, St. John's College of the (American) Protestant Episcopal Church, and other similar institutions are here. It is, therefore, quite natural that the two Bible Societies, the British and American, should have their chief offices here. Their headquarters, at the present, are side by side, diagonally across the street from the Anglican Cathedral, where, one Sunday, in company with Dr. Barton, of the American Board, we heard a fervent and admirable discourse by the venerable Bishop Moule on the Bible, with some incidental reference to the Bible Society and its work.

The British Society is to move soon to larger quarters next door to the Presbyterian Mission Press, some squares away, so that we shall lose our best neighbor. Here, at 14 Kiukiang Road, we found Dr. Hykes and Dr. Meyers and, at present, Mr. Gammon, ordinarily one of our superintendents, all busily at work, their headquarters the center and rendezvous for many missionaries from all parts of China, especially as the forces gathered for the great Conference. Our first business was to come to a better understanding of the plans, ways, and means by which the extensive distribution of the Scriptures in the empire is carried forward, and by which, prior to that, the books are produced which must be distributed. This is not a light undertaking, and the little staff at the Bible House has, each man, his place and duty, and is systematically occupied with this great and responsible task.

Dr. Hykes is known and loved all over China as a veteran missionary, and has peculiar qualifications for the work he now is vigorously pushing. He had arranged his affairs so as to visit as many of the five superintendents (and we did visit three of them) as possible in connection with my own trip through China. We had, therefore, the great advantage of his company, his knowledge and his mastery of the language as we went from city to city and province to province. As a veteran missionary, and for the last fourteen years the responsible head of the work of the Society, he has a host of acquaintances and of warm personal friends. This was unmistakably evident wherever we went. The oversight of the field through all its vast length and breadth is, of course, one of the most necessary of his functions, yet the right discharge of these duties is not always easy, considering the equal necessity of a close and careful superintendence of the general administration of affairs at Shanghai. He is a veritable *episcopos* for the Bible and needs the gift of ubiquity.

Some account of the methods pursued in the office will be of value to the friends of the Society. Let me begin with a single item that might be accounted the least. Every business institution in Shanghai, and, I suppose, in China generally, has what is called a *compradore*, a name and office uniquely Oriental. His duties are that of a petty cashier. The banks in Shanghai will not cash checks for less than $10. This necessitates a petty cash account, which is in the hands of Mr. Siao Lin Sung, an honored member of the Presbyterian Church, who has been for many years our *compradore*. He receives small sums in settlement of accounts or in payment for cash purchases, and disburses them on *compradore's* orders, taking vouchers on the same and rendering a monthly account. The importance of such an office being in good hands is obvious. I noticed in the newspapers the report of a suit in court against a *compradore* in one of the large banking establishments for misuse of funds, who had evidently been intrusted with the handling of very large sums and greater responsibilities; and this will suggest the fact that business methods learned in the West need a certain adaptation to Eastern custom wisely made by a competent hand.

In the general accounts in the office the usual method of double-entry bookkeeping was carefully pursued according to the forms in use at home. Dr. Meyers, the assistant, draws nearly all the checks and keeps the money accounts. The most difficult part of the office work was the book account, which is kept according to a very thorough and accurate system, so that at any time it is possible to account for all books published and circulated by the Societies. The report for the present year, for example, will show that the publications for 1906 consisted of 358,300 volumes in seven different dialects and with two sets of terms for God; and, further, that the issues for the Agency, not to be confounded with the publications, amounted to 435,904 copies.

In the publication of these books the proofs must be read, which is in itself a serious undertaking, and many details carefully supervised, so that apart from the larger outlook over the empire, the handling of details at Shanghai must be thoroughly and broadly

intelligent. The agent of such a society must also be, as our Agent has been, closely connected with the work of perfecting existing translations of the Scriptures.

The report for the present year will show that there were ninety-five native colporteurs employed under our six superintendents. Under missionary superintendents, but still under our pay and concerning whom we must have regular reports, there were fifty-five more—that is to say, the supervision of this little army of one hundred and fifty Bible distributers still further takes the energy of a strong man. It is not, therefore, possible for Dr. Hykes to engage, like Mr. Carrington, in Siam, in personal colportage, though the will on his part is not lacking to do so. His eye and his hand must be upon every man under him, and he must maintain very close, sympathetic relations with the whole missionary body dependent upon the Bible Societies for the Scriptures needed for successful evangelization and church building.

In passing, let me make appreciative mention of one unusual privilege. Our excellent *compradore* opened for us the door into the unknown country of Chinese social life by giving us a Chinese feast. It was served in thirty or forty courses, which included sharks'-fin soup, and edible birds' nests, and lily roots, and bamboo shoots, and I know not what further miracles of cookery, which were eaten with chopsticks chiefly and enlivened by a cunning conjurer's tricks. We had a special room in a large restaurant, but the diners in the main room crowded and peered curiously at the "foreign devils" as they ate.

Our route from Shanghai was northward to Peking *via* ocean steamer to Tientsin, thence across the country to Hankow by rail, thirty-six hours on a "once-a-week" train. From Hankow we returned to Shanghai by steamer down the famous Yang-tse-Kiang, the great natural highway of travel for central China. I shall speak in another letter of northern China, but now must confine myself to the Yang-tse valley.

This mighty river flows three thousand miles from Tibet, "the roof of Asia," drains a basin of six hundred thousand square miles, and touches, in its long flow to the sea (below Shanghai), nine Chinese provinces containing one hundred and eighty million souls, or more than twice as many as there are in the whole United States. As it pours its tawny flood toward the ocean, it meets the incoming tide three hundred miles from its mouth. Both ocean and river steamers come as far as Hankow, six hundred miles from the sea, but the Yang-tse is navigable for one thousand miles farther by steamers of lighter draft.

What a mission field is this Yang-tse valley, and what a field for Bible work!

Hankow is in the province of Hupeh, which has an area of about seventy thousand square miles, considerably larger than England and Wales, and a population of thirty-four million. It is one of a trio of cities related to each other geographically, somewhat as are New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. The

SIAO LIN SUNG, COMPRADORE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, SHANGHAI

Han River, emptying into the Yang-tse at this point, separates Hankow and Han Yan; and across the vast breadth of the Yang-tse from both lies Wuchang, the population of the three cities reaching, perhaps, a million. Wuchang, the smallest, is politically the most important of the three, as it is the capital of the province and the seat of the government of the famous Viceroy Chang Chih Tung, around which, naturally, both Mandarins and would-be Mandarins are gathered. Mr. Arnold Foster, a com-

petent authority, describes Hankow as the great center of gravity for the trade not only of the province, but also of the empire, the rendezvous for all central China, whose trade and manufacture indicate the commercial progress of the empire. In 1884, 469 steamers entered the port of Hankow, with a tonnage of half a million; twenty years later 1,417 steamers, with a tonnage of a million and a half. Iron works, mints, and factories of every kind are to be seen here.

We had time for but a glimpse of a "model" foreign settlement which extended for three-quarters of a mile along the river, then a brief visit to some of the missions in Hankow and Wuchang.. It is a stronghold of the American Episcopal Church, and Bishop Roots hospitably received us, sitting beside me in the pew of his cathedral at the noon-day service, while one of the inferior clergy conducted a simple service with earnestness and simplicity, afterward showing us some of the admirable work of his mission. In the afternoon we saw a notable group of buildings of the same Episcopal mission at Wuchang, and some of the Methodist missions also, and were overwhelmed at every turn by the magnificence of the opportunity before the Church of Christ. Who is sufficient for these things?

Then we went on by night to Kiukiang, where our superintendent, the Rev. T. C. Crouse, is stationed. With him we spent part of one day, long enough to take a hasty glimpse of the quaint old city, with its little foreign settlement adjacent to a characteristically Chinese city, and, best of all, we met our own colporteurs, who had gathered at his house.

Mr. Crouse is doing effective work, but in place of a single laborer there ought to be half a dozen like him in the valley of the Yang-tse.

The openings for the gospel are sometimes extraordinary. Quite recently a heathen temple in a village which Mr. Crouse and some members of his family reached, has been turned over to Christian missionaries as a Christian church, the leading man of the village coming a long distance to talk with our agent about the new doctrine, begging for himself and his neighbors that the gospel might be preached to them. One can understand the meaning of the Acts of the Apostles when one travels from city to city and province to province in China. The Apostles, however, had no such splendid steamer service as we had.

We stopped on Sunday at Nanking, which, though smaller, is hardly less important than Hankow itself.

Nanking is an ancient and very Chinese city, twenty-two miles in circumference and seven in diameter. It was the metropolis in the fourth century and is still a seat of culture. Here we saw bodies of troops well enough uniformed and drilled to be taken for Japanese. China is organizing her army, as can easily be seen, and we got our first glimpse of the new army here.

We drove across this strangely fascinating bit of antiquity clear to the other side and into the country, to find the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Christian missionaries well established and ready to listen to Dr. Hykes and to me at their services Sunday afternoon.

Early on Monday morning I spoke to the Theological School, ably conducted by the missionaries of the Presbyterian Churches (North and South); then in the Union School, jointly conducted by two denominations, Presbyterian and Christian, and we heard much from the missionaries of the proposed Nanking Christian University; then we were off again by another fine river steamer for Shanghai.

An amusing incident shows the rapid fermentation of the new ideas. As we sat in the saloon one evening a Chinese official, well dressed and well bred, was busily engaged with what I took for a Chinese and English dictionary. He was a superintendent of the new public schools, and had attended a convention of the Young Men's Christian Association as the Viceroy's representative. Producing with great enthusiasm a paper, he showed us, carefully written out in English and Chinese, what he called the "holy poems," *viz.*, "Hail Columbia" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee!"

To his great delight we joined him in a laborious effort to render the music so familiar to us and so unfamiliar to him. The result was unique. Perhaps it was the "music of the future." Who can say what China may yet become musically!

VIII. The Shanghai Conference and Bible Translation

THE Shanghai Conference could not be fully described in even one whole number of the RECORD. The official report, when issued, will make a large volume, and the excellent unofficial publication of the *North China Daily Herald and News* is a pamphlet of fifty large and closely-printed pages. Such reports, however accurate, cannot picture the living, glowing reality. This remains, bright and beautiful, in the memory of those of us whose high privilege it was to sit with the glorious company of missionaries, men and women, from April 25th to May 7th, and to share their goodly fellowship in the Martyrs' Memorial Hall (one part of the new Chinese Young Men's Christian Association), commemorating all the martyr missionaries of the century. The noble army of martyrs must surely have been present in spirit in this upper room, which has been finished just in season for the Conference; for there had newly come to share the estate of the martyrs, out of the great tribulation in China in the year of grace 1900, some who else might have been here.

The last Conference met in 1890. Ten years later was the natural date for this one, but the chronology of divine purpose read differently. In 1900 came the volcanic "Boxer" outburst. North China was drenched in the blood of saints, until it seemed as if the gates of hell would prevail. But lo! instead there has come out of the ashes of despair new life from the dead, until the phrase, "the renaissance of China" has become a hackneyed commonplace, so clearly is it recognized that the sleep of centuries has broken and China is swinging into the stream of human progress. The value of this Conference consists first of all, therefore, in its providential relationship to the extraordinary circumstances and conditions of "new China." Its discussions have a bearing upon the great question of her national destiny. Not unmindful of the past, it looks to the future.

Never, for instance, has there been such a demand all over the empire for the Bible as since 1900. At times the presses could hardly meet it. Never could there be a time more opportune, therefore, for the churches of Christ in China to press on toward the speedy perfecting of the Chinese versions. The limits of space will require me to disregard a score of other matters in order to speak of this subject, which particularly concerns the Bible Societies.

First, however, let me give some general account of the Conference itself. Its voting membership was limited strictly to Chinese missionaries duly appointed as delegates, and of these there were 476, representing 3,833 missionaries in all China, with 694 visitors, a total of 1,170, coming from two dozen different countries, representing eighty or more boards. Of these, seventy or more were, like myself, the official representative of such boards. We were not expected to vote, and were only given the privilege of debate under rather close restrictions, which some objected to, but on the whole the rule seemed wise and was not abused.

At the opening reception in the Shanghai Town Hall, where the evening meetings were held, 1,500 persons were present when our Dr. Hykes, as President of the Shanghai Missionary Association, had the honor of making the address of welcome to the delegates. Prior to this, in the afternoon, the formal organization had been effected. There were two Presidents—Dr. J. Campbell Gibson, an English Presbyterian, and Dr. Arthur H. Smith, an American Congregationalist, both men admirably typical of the nations and churches which they represented—Dr. Smith, brilliant, witty, and resourceful; Dr. Gibson, slower of speech, but with a weight of wisdom and steady poise which made his occupancy of the chair not less acceptable. There were eight Vice-Presidents—three American, three British, one German, and one Scandinavian—and a sufficient corps of Secretaries and other officers. The Executive Committee, prior to the Conference and during its session, was headed by Bishop Graves of the American Episcopal Church, whose hand was on the helm constantly and effectively. Nor must we forget Mr. Bondfield, Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose invaluable service as secretary of the committee was recognized at the close of the Conference by the present of a gold watch from its members.

We cannot speak at length of the personnel of the Conference. There were such veterans as Dr. Hunter Corbett, Dr. C. W. Mateer, and Dr. W. A. P. Martin; Dr. Graves, Baptist; Bishop Roots of the Episcopal Church, and Bishop Bashford of the Methodist; Dr. Ament came from North China, and Dr. H. H. Lowry, Methodist, and Dr. J. Walter Lowrie, Presbyterian; and Dr. Sheffield, who had the singular distinction of wearing scars of thirty-five stab wounds made by a Chinese assassin a dozen years ago—a walking mir-

acle he seemed; Mr. Hoste, successor to Dr. Hudson Taylor as head of the China Inland Mission, was there with some of his associates, costumed *à la Chinois*, one of whom made the only quotation from Skakespeare I heard during the sessions. A distinguished delegate from the home-lands was the Rev. Lord William Cecil, Anglican, a son of the late Lord Salisbury. It would be easy to name a longer list of men of high distinction and notable ability whose presence gave weight and significance to the assemby.

THE BIBLE HOUSE, SHANGHAI

Then, too, one somehow felt as he looked upon the faces of this peculiar company, that the lowliest and least distinguished may be best known in heaven, where is written down many a life story, precious to God and holy angels, of weary years spent in lonely outposts, remote from social joys and home comforts. The privations of women in isolated stations, borne with heroic patience, are chief among the glories of the evangelic conquest. The missionaries do not like overpraise, for they know their own limitations and frailities, but they are as a class schooled in the habit of self-denial, and the best of them carry an atmosphere of such serene goodness that a fortnight in their society is an education in piety.

Two things were blended in the Conference in rare degree—devotion and business method. At 8.30 punctually every morning there was a devotional service, continuing until 9.15. Each day a different speaker preached, selected from the visitors—not from the missionaries. The business, save for a noon recess for "tiffin," lasted until five o'clock; then there was usually a prayer meeting in the Union Church, which ran on for an hour or more, and it was understood that a "continuous prayer" meeting was maintained in a room above the Conference by a succession of earnest souls. The Sunday services were rich and inspiring — Dr. Bevan, formerly of New York, especially stirring a great audience. The fervors of prayer were not mere interludes, but genuine auxiliaries to the prompt, practical, and efficacious handling of the mighty themes which taxed the best wisdom of the missionary body.

The Conference of 1890 left, *ad interim*, committees to consider and digest various important matters to be reported to this Conference, and other committees were created later. These all presented their reports, each printed in pamphlet form and furnished in advance to the members of the Conference. Later we were given a printed set of resolutions proposed for adoption. The subjects thus predigested by the committees were then discussed and rediscussed, amended and reamended, after very free debate by the Conference itself. Only rarely were other subjects introduced. So it was secured that time and thought should be concentrated on what is vital to missionary progress, and not wasted in side issues and mischievous hobby-riding.

The result was a solid body of mature conclusions not lightly to be set aside. While devoid of any shred of ecclesiastical authority, they must have great spiritual power. It is not necessary to claim that they could not have been bettered. *Unum in Christo* was the motto of the Conference, and its unchanging keynote, yet not all "union" proposals passed unchallenged—the Union University for all China, for instance, gave pause to many. The missionaries felt that they were struggling with things too high for human wisdom, and it would be easy to suggest here and there corrections or additions from various points of view. They attempted to settle for China, *pro tempore* at least, some questions which have been the recognized foci of debate and often of divisive controversy in the Church of God in all ages. The

Chinese Church and the Chinese ministry, for instance, were the first topics discussed. This involves the very crux of the chief problems of all church organization. It naturally connected itself with the report of another committee, made later, on "Comity and Federation." It was observable that the action finally taken under the latter head seemed to vary somewhat from the line drawn under the former. At first the Conference declared its purpose to plant one Church in China, but afterward when substantially the same goal was set up as the consummation of a plan of Provincial and General Councils, the committee's language was reduced by amendment to the less definite declaration—"the establishment of the Kingdom of God in China." This shows the care with which phraseology was considered, and also that there were latent differences of view ready to emerge. But there was no difference whatever in the catholic temper in which they were handled. "The Missionary and Public Questions" raised the old puzzle of Church and State in another form, and one with new perplexities peculiar to China. The question of creeds was touched at the very outset, and might easily have wrecked the Conference, but a mitigated assent was finally agreed on to the Apostles' and the Nicene creeds as "substantially expressing the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith," while not indorsing any creed as such, leaving "confessional questions" to the Chinese Church.

These details must be enough to suggest the scope and temper of the Conference as it dealt with Education, Christian Literature, Evangelistic Work, Medical Missions, Woman's Work, and other like matters, a truly Chinese flavor being imparted by the half day's discussion on Ancestor Worship. Considering the difficulties of the problems attacked, the general unanimity attained was a wonderful tribute to the breadth of mind, depth of insight, and above all the unfailing brotherliness of the missionaries, all and singular. A good epitaph for this oriental Assembly of Divines would be, "Behold how these misionaries love one another."

The discussion of Bible translation could hardly be called a debate. The only debatable question had been avoided by ruling out the "term" question altogether from discussion—a question, that is, of the proper terms for the translation of the words "God" and "Holy Spirit." This has been a moot point from the beginning. It affected the Bible Societies very directly. This Society, for instance, has found it necessary to print Bibles containing two or three sets of terms perferred by different classes of missionaries.

REVISION COMMITTEE AT WORK ON CHINESE BIBLE (HIGH WENLI VERSION), PEI-TAI-HE, CHINA

A compromise—"Shangti" for God, and "Shengling" for Holy Spirit—seems now pretty generally agreed upon, though there is a weighty minority averse to the compromise.

The most important matter connected with

Holy Scripture before the Conference was the presentation and acceptance, without demur, of the reports of the three committees on Bible translation which had been sitting since the last Conference. Some explanations are necessary to show what this means. These have indeed been made before in various forms in the RECORD. For a hundred years missionary scholars have been busy in making and perfecting translations, but only in 1890 was there a definite, organized plan for Union versions representing not individuals or groups, but the whole missionary body. So one committee was set to make a Union version into Mandarin, based, of course, on the existing versions, and two more into the Classical or "Wenli." Wenli is not the spoken but the written "classical" language of China, and is wholly different from the spoken speech. It is the language of letters—of *belles-lettres*, of formal correspondence, and of business and official communication—the pet and pride of the *literati* and the scholars, unknown to the *ignobile vulgus*. Dr. Gibson calls it "an elegant literary artifice." It is ceremonious, elegant "Johnsonese" at its stiffest, when it is called High Wenli; but it can be made easier and more pliable, and then the translators call it "Easy" Wenli. The Bible already exists in it. Committees were appointed to translate it.

Although a written language, it can be read aloud, but when it is read in church it is pronounced according to the spoken dialect of the reader. This, of course, varies in different parts of China. When the Bible is thus read it is translated by the reader or paraphrased into the spoken speech; or, it maybe, he does not pronounce the written language at all, but simply makes an impromptu translation as he reads it into the spoken language. This spoken language is for more than 300,000,000 Chinese the Mandarin, the most important, because used by the largest number of people, and also because it is the official speech used in courts of justice and elsewhere. But besides this there are at least eight principal "dialects," which might better be called languages, for they differ from each other and from Mandarin as widely as European languages generally differ from each other. In addition to these eight on nine principal languages, there are twenty or thirty minor ones, not counting mere *patois*. When, therefore, critics sneer at missionaries for their failure to translate the Chinese Bible to their own satisfaction, they forget what a linguistic jungle Chinese speech is. Sir Robert Hart fitly speaks of the "China sea of language."

The committees at the present Conference placed on its table complete versions of the New Testament in Mandarin, in High Wenli and in Easy Wenli, and it was resolved that the two Wenli Committees (High and Low) should now aim at the production of one Wenli version. Meanwhile the Bible Societies are asked to print these three versions, that they may be tried by use for three years. All this refers to the New Testament. Steps were taken in the Conference to go on at once with the translation of the Old Testament.

To this end executive committees were constituted, having entire supervision of the work of producing one "Standard Union Bible in Chinese." These committees are to select five qualified missionaries as translators for Wenli and another five for Mandarin.

The Conference expressed the gratitude of the missions and churches in China to the three Bible Societies for their help, asked them each to appoint an agent as an ex-officio member of both executive committees, and *to provide all funds needed to meet the expenses of this work*.

The italics are mine, for the words deserve emphasis. Translation is only one of the many tasks of most translators, so that their salaries are not usually borne by the Bible Societies, but the other expenses are. The Conference appealed to the mission boards to relieve translators of other duties, so that they may give themselves as far as possible to this one thing. This is a point of paramount importance, which I ventured to urge in the few moments that I had before the Conference. Naturally translators are much in demand for other things. But is there anything more needful than this? If it involved the payment of the salaries by the Bible Societies, their supporters should furnish the means if the missionaries furnish the men set apart to this high use.

All this gives an impression of what the function of the Bible Society is in China. It is no light responsibility to do what we are asked, but there is still more. Other actions of the Conference refer to the use of the Bible in the home, school and Church. Nothing is here said about the "dialect" versions, nor of Romanization, *i.e.*, the printing of Chinese Bibles in the Roman alphabet—a practice growing in favor, but at first requiring a duplication of our issues in many cases; nor of the further complication due to the necessity of printing the text with different terms for God; nor of the whole business of distributing the books all over the Chinese Empire, without which our printing would be of little use. The catalogue of our Chinese Agency shows a total of seventeen different versions and 400 or more different editions

ready for use, and there are others to be added, without counting those in English and other Western languages. Surely our modest annual appropriation, which amounts usually to about $35,000, needs to be doubled at least if we are to do what must be done.

With this we must leave the Shanghai Conference, passing over many a theme of fascinating interest: That heroic figure in the far background of the century, Robert Morrison, whom Carlyle might well have painted for his gallery, "The Hero as Missionary"; the visit of the Viceroy's representative; the various social functions; the sparkling *facetiæ*, wherein our American President bore his full part—it was all good and pleasant to see brethren dwell together in unity and the precious oil running down as of old.

The women had their field day, when the peculiar need of Chinese womanhood was treated, largely by women themselves.

The first resolution passed by them was an urgent appeal to the Bible Societies and the translators to see that the whole Bible is speedily put into the Roman alphabet, both in the Mandarin and the other colloquial dialects, because the women of China can learn to read this much more easily than the Chinese characters.

I called attention in my last letter to the extraordinary memories of the Chinese women as indicated by seven young girls, each of whom committed to memory the whole New Testament. Christian women of America, will you not help us for Christ's sake to put the Bible that you teach your daughters into the hands of these your suffering sisters in China? "A Bible for every home in America" was a potent cry in the beginning of Bible Societies. A good one now would be, "A Bible for every home in China."

From an engraving by Turner, Engraver to His Majesty

THE REV. DR. MORRISON AND HIS ASSISTANTS TRANSLATING THE BIBLE INTO THE CHINESE LANGUAGE

CHINESE AND MANCHU LADIES

IX. A Peep at Peking and Beyond

(For Boys and Girls)

DEAR "BIBLE LOVERS": On the cover you will notice a picture of a colporteur of our Society wheeling a load of Bibles. This will give you a hint of some of the strange things to be seen in China. The wheelbarrow, to be sure, is familiar enough at home, but the use made of it in China would quite surprise you. Not only does it carry Bibles and other things, but people also. It is sometimes built on the model of an Irish jaunting-car, where one or two persons sit back to back, looking not ahead or behind, but to the side. Peking people naturally like the Peking cart, and one can see whole familes crowded into them. They are very jolty and bumpy, for they have no springs; and the wheelbarrow, though a humbler carriage, is perhaps a little easier.

I wonder if you have ever heard of Wang the Wheelbarrow Man, a Chinese Christian who in twenty-five days wheeled his mother four hundred miles in a wheelbarrow. She sat on one side, with her household belongings packed on the other. She had been thrown out of a Peking cart and injured, and found the wheelbarrow rather more comfortable. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is a commandment well known in China. Our colporteurs, of course, can make good use both of carts and wheelbarrows, as the picture suggests.

The streets of Peking seemed to me more strange and wonderful than anything I had ever read of in story books. They were filled with people like ourselves, yet oh, how quaint and peculiar in costume and looks! The "'ricksha" men have poor and scanty attire; but a Chinese gentleman, in light blue trousers and with a heavy outer coat reaching to his ankles, made of darker or richer silk, usually blue or something more gorgeous still, and with his queue, nicely braided and long enough maybe to carry round like a watch chain, fastened to his pocket in front, deserves, if anyone does, to be called a "dandy."

One of the strangest sights that I saw was a factory for making queues by American machinery. It was humming noisily away, not in Peking, but in Canton, hard by the very spot where Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary, lived. The Manchu women of Peking wear headdresses which eclipse the smartest Easter bonnets. A fashionable street in Peking, filled with Mandarins, soldiers, coolies, shopmen, gaily head-dressed Manchu belles, Chinese women with painted faces, tottering along in shoes tiny as a doll's and as dainty as any Parisian shoe could be, looks like a kind of animated flower garden. Joseph, in his coat of many colors, would feel quite at home.

Our train rumbled through the ancient wall of this strange city and drew up near to one of its famous gates just as evening fell, and

in a few moments we were whisked away in a 'ricksha, that curious two-wheeled carriage with its human horse, to the only hotel —the "Wagon Lits." It stands near what is known as the "Legation Quarter." Here the ministers and ambassadors of foreign nations have their residences in a street much like the streets of Europe or America. Each legation has its little army of soldiers in its national uniform, French, British, Austrian, Italian, with their flags, including "Old Glory," flying overhead.

Peking is not one city, but a city of cities. China is now ruled by a race of kings (and queens) who were once Tartars in Manchuria. So in Peking there is a Chinese city and a Tartar city. The great wall encircling them both is twenty-five miles or so in circumference, but they are separated from each other by another wall. Within the Tartar city there is another called the "Imperial City," with its wall, and then within that a still smaller called the "Forbidden City," where the Emperor and the Dowager Empress and the Court dwell, and where no foreigner can go unless bidden. The Dowager Empress has a name that you may think funny—Tsze-Hi Toanyu Kangi Chaoyu Chuangcheng Shokung Chinhien Chungsih—but she is called "Tsze-Hi" for short. The principal gates leading through these walls we would hardly call gates at all. They are more like fortresses, and this, indeed, they are sometimes.

How would you like to take a walk on top of a wall? I walked on one broad enough for carriages to pass abreast, and was shown the place where seven years ago a fierce battle was fought, on top of the wall and beneath it. This was during the dreadful "Boxer" war, when hundreds of thousands of furious Chinese fanatics sought the lives of all foreigners.

I looked out from the wall over the place where missionaries, and merchants, and ambassadors, and foreigners generally, were penned in the British Legation for fifty-six days while an avalanche of shot and shell poured upon them day and night. For two weeks before that the Methodist missionaries were shut into their own mission compound. Here it was (Dr. Headland has told the story in his book on "Chinese Heroes," which you ought to read) that Wang the Wheelbarrow Man was shot down. Soon after his death his comrades fled to join the other foreigners in the British Legation.

In one part of the legation wall, peppered with shot and shell, there are three English words graven in the stone—"Lest we forget"; but those dreadful summer days are not likely to be forgotten very soon.

I cannot begin to tell you of all the wonderful temples and palaces of Peking. Perhaps there is none more wonderful than the "Altar of Heaven"—there is a "Temple of Heaven," but the "Altar" is itself a temple —a temple without a roof and without walls. It is a magnificent, polished white marble pavement, which you ascend by successive flights of steps to a central Altar. There under the open heaven, with no priest, no choir, no splendid pomp, the Emperor of China goes once a year alone to worship. What he worships we cannot say—perhaps he could not say himself; but in some way he seems to worship God, even though it be as the Unknown God whom the Bible tells us is not far from every one of us. As the Jewish High Priest went once alone into the presence of God,

THE HATA-MEN GATE, PEKING

so this Emperor of the most ancient empire now on earth goes in some way representing his people.

Do you not think that there ought to be close to this Temple of Heaven something that will make known to him and his people the right way of approach into the presence of our Heavenly Father, through him who said, "I am the way"? Well, there are such places all over Peking, for we found not only great and splendid heathen temples, but churches of the Living God, better built than they were before they were burned down by the "Boxers." In any of these churches the Emperor may hear of the great High Priest who is passed into the heavens, there to appear in the presence of God for us.

STONE ANIMALS—THE APPROACH TO THE MING TOMBS

There is one spot that you particularly ought to know about. Quite close to the great gate into the Imperial City, and not far from the Forbidden City, is the depot of the American Bible Society. Since I was in Peking it caught fire and was partially burned, but fortunately none of the books were burned. Our agent, the Rev. Walter S. Elliott, writes me that not long ago one of the officials dressed in the uniform of the palace came out from the palace of the Emperor (as he was passing by selling Bibles) and bought from him several portions of the Holy Scriptures. These portions are themselves enough to tell the Emperor of the true God and eternal life. Thank God that the Bible can go where the missionary is forbidden to go. I am sorry to say that our headquarters in Peking are by no means as handsome as they ought to be, for the main building is really nothing but an old gate-house, and rather forlorn; but some day you may be able to help us build a better one. If you went there now you would probably find Mr. and Mrs. Elliott and his little children, boys and girls, living in a rough stone house across the court from the gate-house; for when I was there they were arranging to have it fixed up a little for their home, though it is even yet not what it ought to be.

Thirty miles outside of Peking there is a cemetery like none other upon earth. It consists of a vast plain, I should think thirty miles long, surrounded by mountains. In it thirteen emperors lie in solitary grandeur. These are the emperors of the Ming Dynasty, the first of whom began to reign more than five centuries ago, when Chaucer was telling in England his Canterbury Tales, and the last of them hung himself in Oliver Cromwell's day. Each monarch lies alone in solemn state, surrounded by a group of splendid buildings, a few miles away from his next royal dead neighbor. The one whose tomb I had time to visit is approached by an avenue lined on either side with huge stone camels, lions, elephants, and horses, so lifelike that one of our horses ran away when he saw his stone image before him; and besides these, statues of famous men who lived in that long-gone day.

From there, after a night's sleep on a stone bed in a Chinese inn, we rode up the mountain pass of Nankou to see another wonder of the world — the great Chinese Wall — 1,500 miles long and more than twenty-one centuries old. It was built to shut out the wild tribes of the north, one of whom, however, in spite of the wall, conquered China, and, in the person of the great Dowager Empress Tsze-Hi, now rules China. In visiting these two great wonders I rode nearly fifty miles on a donkey, sometimes over rocks, and once when the donkey took a notion, partly into a Chinese house, and I would have been glad, indeed, for a wheelbarrow and good Mr. Wang to wheel me.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

X. North China and New China

THE famous Church in Rome, "St. Paul Without the Walls" has a parallel in China, for there is a China without the Wall, and a Chinese Church without the Wall has been planted—it is but a question of how fast it will grow. In our rapid journey, the nearest that we could come to seeing it was in the Nankou Pass through which one of the great high roads of travel and commerce passes from Peking to Kalgan and on to the regions beyond. Ours was scarcely a holiday jaunt. First six miles in 'rickshas across the City of Peking, then thirty slow miles by the new Peking and Kalgan railroad to Nankou, where (after a visit to the Ming Tombs) we spent part of the night in a pretence of sleep on a Chinese bed. At half-past two the next morning we started by moonlight, on donkeys, for the summit of the pass. It was a breathless excitement to see, in the cool of the early dawn, that strange, wonderful, mountain avenue. As soon as it was light it filled with a throng of passengers—some on foot and some on horse or mule back, with flocks of sheep, and still more picturesque caravans of camels, the living tide ever flowing until it seemed crowded as a city street; at first running through sleeping villages on the plain, then through the stern grandeur of rough, craggy mountain scenery, higher and higher up until we reached our goal, the famous ancient Wall itself, one of the wonders surely of this Orient world.

All along the road Chinese engineers and laborers, hundreds of them, were busy with drill and pick pushing the line of the railroad up the pass and on to Kalgan. It is not a foreign built road, but of Chinese construction—a fact profoundly significant of what the future contains. Here was "new" China visibly pictured before our eyes. Sometimes our mules had to pick their way over the very railroad ties, and again on one side or the other all the way up the pass, the railroad having reached almost the summit. When at last we clambered to the top of the Wall and looked off to the north into the great beyond, it seemed as if we were given almost a vision, not only of the things that are, but the things that are to be. Who can set a bound to the new world, slowly at first but now with amazing rapidity, shaping itself here?

In the south Shanghai is naturally the focus of the new light; but Peking is the official head of China and the North in general, and has peculiar relations to official progress. If we had followed the road further, we should have found ourselves presently in Mongolia, which the old geographers used to call Chinese Tartary. There is an Inner Mongolia and an Outer Mongolia, stretching far away to the north and west, clear to the boundaries of the Russian Empire, 1,700 miles from east to west, 1,000 miles from north to south, with an area of 1,400,000 square miles, and the population estimated at anywhere from two to ten millions. The central part of this vast region is the Gobi desert, lying 4,000 feet above the sea; not a torrid, but an arctic desert. Yet the other parts of the region are livable and arable. I counted 269 dromedary camels, besides other pack animals, going and coming along the Kalgan Road, laden with various merchandise (including Standard Oil cans). As we approached the summit of the pass, it was easy to notice the distinctive type of the Mongol as distinguished from the Chinese. Great stalwart, hardy fellows they were, with their fur caps and rough coats suggestive of their wintry home; some of them well armed, too, to protect the treasures of the caravan. To the far west lies Zungaria, to the north of the Tienshan Mountains, the home of a tribe of western Mongols, who rose to great power two hundred years ago, having, it is said, a million armed warriors. They captured and sacked L'hassa, in Tibet, and were not overthrown for half a century, when, it is said, the Chinese put to the sword a million persons, men, women and children. The natural route for a railway from Russia is through Zungaria, and thence on eastward through Chinese territory. The present population of the country too does not in itself afford a true index of its probable future. The Chinese are swarming out beyond the great wall, pushing the Mongols before them. The British and Foreign Bible Society with commendable zeal has pushed its colporteurs out to follow them. Since I visited the great wall, our own Mr. Elliott has made a journey into Mongolia beyond Kalgan (the eastern terminus of the caravan route), meeting missionaries of the American Board at various points, and a few colporteurs of the British and Scotch Societies. When he reached the first table-land in Mongolia, he was entertained in the tents of Sa Lung Gult, said to be the son of the former Prince of that region. This chieftain, now sixty-four years of age, learned something of Christian truth long ago, though he is not a Christian. As he and Mr. Elliott sat talking over a Gospel of Matthew, he happened to catch sight of a copy of the *Christian Herald* lying on his cot. This he eagerly caught at; and, finding a picture of an automobile in it, he began to tell of the five automobiles he saw flying past his tent door a few weeks before on the race from Peking to Paris. The mail now brought by camels to Peking may, it is said, soon be carried in automobiles. In his trip of twenty days, Mr. Elliott sold 1220 Scriptures and Scripture Portions. This is enough to give an impression of this *terra incognita* and its possibilities, not only for ordinary commerce, but for that better commerce — the circulation of God's Holy Word. It is true indeed that the Mongols are illiterate and that they are cursed with the most degraded form of Buddhism, the "Lama Buddhism" of Tibet, but the railroad is sure to open up their country in many ways and we must be ready with our colporteurs. Mr. Elliott met a Mongolian Prince en route to his station in "Outer Mongolia," who had been commanded by the Throne in Peking to establish schools for Western education in his distant home. Then far to the west lies Tibet. It has been called the "Forbidden Land," but already the newspapers report that the Dowager Empress has declared that a telegraph line shall be established at L'hassa and a newsaper published. The world has followed the adventures of Colonel Younghusband and the British expedition which he led to L'hassa. Crossing the Pacific I happened to meet one of his officers, who had marvelous things to tell.

Lying to the northeast of the great wall is Manchuria, better known to us than Mongolia. When it is said that the Dowager Empress is a Manchu, we must recognize that a race who can produce one such woman is not a weak race.

Dr. Martin, in his recent book, "The Awakening of China," calls her the typical Manchu woman, and her reign the most brilliant in Chinese history. He draws a curious historical parallel between the Normans of Great Britain and the Manchus of China, whom he judges, on the whole, to have given a better government to China than any Chinese dynasty. The Manchus in Manchuria remain, as he says, rude and ignorant, but in China they certainly are not so; and even in Manchuria, they, too, feel the touch of the new spirit.

The Japanese war has taught us something about Manchuria, but there is much to learn. It has a population of 8,500,000, and its capital, Mukden, 200,000. The significant thing now worthy of our attention is that, as in Mongolia and probably even more, Chinese settlers are taking possession of the deserted

districts. Invited by a faction in China to aid them against their rivals three centuries ago, the Manchus, once admitted, now rule China, while the Chinese themselves, many of them, are exchanging their own homes for homes in Manchuria. Both Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries have followed them.

The Scotch Presbyterians sent the Rev. John Ross there in 1872. There is now a Presbytery of Manchuria with two native pastors, 270 churches and chapels, and a communicant membership of over 11,000, and besides these other missions less extensive.

There are several Mongolian versions of the Scriptures, the history of which is full of interest. The alphabet of the Mongolian language was derived from the Syriac, and it is noticeable that the Mongolians have, unlike their Chinese neighbors, our familiar Arabic numerals. The Tibetan and the Manchurian versions all have a history, and a fascinating one, if there were time to relate it here. The British and Foreign Bible Society has published all or nearly all of these versions and a good beginning has been made, but America as well as Britain must do her share in evangelizing "China without the Wall."

IN THE NANKOU PASS

Important as such a program may be, it would be impossible of execution but for its connection with the New China that is in process of formation, within as well as without the Wall. We began to see and hear of it at Tien-tsin, the port of Peking, a city of 1,000,000 people, already astir with new life.

The streets and houses, some of them, were plainly made on Western models. Mr. Robert Gailey and his associates at the head of the Y. M. C. A. are busily engaged in teaching Young China the best lessons of that world-embracing organization. We went from mission to mission, talking with the brethren; one of them, the venerable Dr. Stanley, a pioneer and now a veteran in China. They all felt what great things are happening and were likely to happen in such a center of power as this city.

There are some amusing instances which show how recent, yet how real, is the taste of new learning which the Chinese are so eagerly enjoying. In Tien-tsin the Viceroy's band, not long before, had marched down the street playing on Western instruments

"Abide with me,
Fast falls the eventide"

and

"God be with us till we meet again."

This infallibly betrays the real origin of many of the improvements. It is doubtful if the Chinese would ever have learned anything about our music except through the Christian Church. They are likely to learn not only sacred but some secular music, as I realized when I heard Chinese girls singing English songs in chorus, and doing it well. About the time we were in Tien-tsin, the city adopted and has put into actual operation a Western form of city government—mayor, board of aldermen and all the rest—locally adapted, of course, and, we may trust, free from some features sadly familiar in some American cities. It has now been extended to a larger area. This is likely to supply a model for other cities and larger districts. On returning from the Wall, I had the pleasure of being entertained by Dr. Morrison, the famous correspondent of the London *Times*, who told me that he could name probably a hundred Chinese cities which had installed a modern police system. This in itself is a great step in advance. We saw these policemen in Peking, uniformed and drilled into fair shape, and some other things besides, both in Peking and Tien-tsin, which afforded ocular demonstration that the Boxer uprising and all that accompanied it was the beginning of a new chapter in Chinese history, and that means a new chapter in the annals of mankind. It will not do, of course, to assume that there

will be no let or hindrance—all such movements suffer reverses, and it would be strange if this did not. Already there are signs of disaffection and reaction, especially in the south, where revolt against the Manchu dynasty may break out at any time. We must be prepared for unwelcome surprises, and cannot expect that the New China is to be built in a day any more than Old Rome was; yet the signs of the times surely indicate that after all setbacks, China must move forward as Japan has done. Dr. Morrison has since said in a public address (Nov. 5) that, "Sporadic disturbances might occur in the empire, but nothing could now stay the progress of the people. That progress within the last five years was one of the most surprising and agreeable phenomena of recent history." He calls attention to the 200 newspapers now published and the 420 Chinese students at the great colleges of America. It would be interesting to recite the imperial decrees, not one or two, but the many which are now issuing from Peking, commanding, exhorting, even threatening under severe penalties, with the one general end clearly in view, the establishment of Western methods of government and Western forms of science and learning for all China. Paper reforms, of course, are not real reforms, but the reality is already visible.

In Tien-tsin, for instance, there is a government training-school, of industrial education, handsomely housed in a well-equipped building, and more recently a girls' school established under government supervision. Everywhere the schoolmaster is abroad in the land, or is commanded to be. The difficulty is that, even with teachers imported from Japan by the hundreds, and with thousands of Chinese students learning how to teach in Japan, and with the output of teachers from the mission schools, there is a shortage of teachers which must continue for a long while.

Mr. Elliott reports that he made a careful investigation of the bookstores in Paoting-Fu to ascertain what books were now published in Chinese containing in general the branches of knowledge hitherto unknown in China. He found over ninety different treatises on such subjects as military science, law, the science of government, and a wide variety of topics ranging from the kindergarten to astronomy and international law—the largest number significally on military science, and the next largest on law and the science of government. This whole literature has come into being since the "Boxer Year" and largely through the instigation of the great Viceroy Yuan Shi Kai, who is now virtually, for the time being, the "Prime Minister" of China. To this may be added the statement that a publishing firm in China, in a single year, issued a million copies of text-books and other literature embodying similar material.

These criteria indicate the amazing forces at work creating the New China. One of the things which Mr. Elliott discovered we must recognize with deep thankfulnes to God and a keener sense of responsibility as Christians and especially as servants and friends of the Bible Society. In the treatises on law there was frequent reference made to the giving of the moral law by Moses on Mt. Sinai. What a fine proof is this of the way in which God has mortised into the fabric of human history the fundamental verities of divine revelation! Doubtless the missionaries are here also to be credited with what the new Chinese writers on law are now teaching their pupils. But it would seem also that the traditional conviction that underlies the whole body of European law as to the divine legation of Moses, has found its way into the Chinese mind through Western law books. We can but hope that this sane and wholesome conviction that the law was given by Moses may remain undisturbed in the Chinese mind. It will be much easier thus to persuade China of its antithesis that grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

The Christian Church surely cannot pause or hesitate in completing what she has begun through the Bible Societies of Christendom. She must put into the hands of these new pupils in the School of Christ the Holy Scriptures, in the best translations and in the cheapest form; so that every man, according to the old phrase made new in the light of these later day miracles, may hear in his own tongue the wonderful works of God.

Mr. Elliott has had thirty colporteurs at work in North China. He could use, he says, one hundred. Who will help us to provide them? and who will give us what we sorely need, a new Bible House in Peking? that we may, in this New Year of grace, the more speedily

"Ring in the Christ that is to be."

January, 1908.

XI. A Glimpse of Korea

KOREA, though no longer the Hermit Nation, is not very easy of access even yet. I had planned to go from Peking, via Dalney and Port Arthur, entering Korea thus from the north and going through the peninsula to Fusan at the extreme south. After laborious inquiries, begun weeks before, there seemed no sure prospect of anything except delay and discomfort. It was possible to cross the Yellow Sea from Chefoo or Tientsin to Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, but this, too, was very uncertain. So finally I hastened back from Peking, via Hankow, to Shanghai (1300 or 1400 miles), caught a Japanese steamer, the *Yamashiro Maru*, to Nagasaki, crossed the western end of Japan to Moji in ten or twelve hours by rail, and embarked on another Japanese steamer, the *Iki Maru*, for Fusan.

A *compagnon du voyage*, who balanced these alternatives with me in Peking, concluded to try the northern route. We started the same day. He was laid up six days in Port Arthur waiting for a steamer, so that I reached Seoul, after my long journey, a day or two ahead of him.

Courtesy Doubleday, Page & Co.

A WOMAN IN CORRECT STREET COSTUME
From "The Passing of Korea"

On the *Iki Maru* I found a fellow-traveler, the Rev. Dr. Moore, president of the mission of the German Reformed Church in Japan, who, after a quarter of a century in the island empire, was making his first trip to Korea.

Ta-Cho-sen—"the Great Land of Morning Calm"—is the ancient and poetic name of Korea, but by the irony of fate, we landed at Fusan in a veritable tempest of wind and rain, and spent a soppy morning in a half-finished railway station crowded with Japanese. Fusan is a picturesque port, suggestive of the best scenery on the Maine coast. After a hasty but hearty handshake with Dr. Irwin of the Presbyterian Mission, we found ourselves gliding along on a railroad that seemed strangely familiar, for the rails, the cars, and the locomotive were all American, though the management was Japanese. All day long we gazed on dripping skies, now clearing a little and then settling down to rain again. Great black mountains, with occasional patches of farm land and thatched villages, picturesque beyond description, and here and there larger towns, kept our eyes ever gazing. Here was another chapter of the Orient, as quaint or more quaint, than China or Siam. What a land of strange, far-off, unique suggestions is this blood-stained Korea—the bridge between China and Japan!

Between showers we ventured off, when the train stopped at a station, and looked with wonder and amusement at the curious native costumes. Not, indeed, that everyone is dressed alike—the coolies, and 'ricksha men, and the poorer sort generally, were clothed simply enough; but the chief impression was of men in long white coats, reaching well below the knees, tied tightly across the chest, and of the round-brimmed, stiff black hats tied under the chin with black strings, like an old lady's bonnet. This certainly gives a Korean gentleman a curious appearance, especially when he wears huge stone spectacles. The next day we saw these costumes in their full force in the churches, and there they seemed strangely in place, giving the men an ecclesiastical aspect. An audience, all men, wearing as they did these hats all through the service, and dressed thus in pure white,

is a sight to see. The women's coats (as shown in the picture) are usually a vivid green; the children often wear pink and azure.

A KOREAN STREET SCENE

Night came on and our train still dragged along, reaching Seoul at midnight. I have rarely arrived at a station in the East or gone to one, no matter how late or how early, how hot or how wet the weather, without a missionary to welcome the coming or speed the parting guest, and Mr. Reynolds, of the South Church, was at the Seoul station waiting to tramp with me (for it was too late for anything else) to the house of the Rev. Mr. Bunker, of the American Methodist Mission. Here I was hospitably entertained during most of my stay in Seoul, passing only the last night with the Rev. Mr. Hall, of the Presbyterian Mission. On Sunday morning it was a stirring experience to sit in the Methodist church and hear a heart-searching sermon by the venerable Bishop Foss, which had manifest power with the audience of something like one thousand or twelve hundred men and women, separated, according to the Korean custom, by a curtain from each other. Fifteen Korean men arose to say that they had begun to follow Christ.

In the afternoon I preached, through an interpreter, first at the Presbyterian Mission, then in English to all the missionaries, and briefly in the evening to yet another Korean congregation. It will be impossible to recite in particular the thronging engagements and meetings which followed during the next week in Seoul, Pyeng Yang, and Fusan. They carried me from school to school, church to church, and mission to mission, until I had no strength left. Who could help preaching in Korea? The Koreans love to preach and love to be preached to. One of them, as I was informed by his missionary superintendent, preached for six hours to willing listeners.

My special business in Korea was, however, not preaching or visiting missionaries, but to attend the regular meeting of the "Bible Committee of Korea," composed of the representatives of the various denominations. This important organization has at present executive oversight and direction of the translation of the Scriptures, which is not yet completed, and also of their publishing and circulation. Through this committee the three Bible Societies do their work. This session of the committee was held at the Bible House and lasted nine hours, dealing with the problems affecting the three Bible Societies—British, Scottish, and American. They are jointly and efficiently represented by Mr. Hugh Miller as their Agent, and through him they are all kept in constant touch with the missionary body. (Since this letter was written he has presented our best edition of the New Testament to each of the seven ministers whose pictures are here reproduced.)

Korea is not only unique in history, and tradition, and political relationship, but in the extraordinary successes of Protestant Christianity. Dr. William Elliott Griffis has told the tale, an almost incredible one, of the struggle of the Roman Catholic Church to establish itself in Korea, beginning in 1791. Protestant missions were begun twenty-five years ago, but they were anticipated fifty years before that by Charles Gutzlaff, who dared to land on an island near the mainland for a short season. There were others ready to cross the border from Manchuria when the way was opened. The Methodists led the van in 1883; the Presbyterians (1884) were very little behind. Bishop Foss, sitting with me in the pulpit at Seoul, told me the story of the first baptism which, perforce, must needs be done in secret twenty-one years before. Now the church membership is counted by tens of thousands. One mission officially estimates the conversions this year at 30,000, in all denominations, and it may be larger.

The relation of the Bible work to this

progress is unmistakable. It is a chief factor in bringing it about, and at the same time such progress necessitates extraordinary effort and expenditure. In Bible work there are difficulties of adjustment here which cannot be touched on, nor can I enter upon the new and interesting chapter in the history of Bible translation which the Korean version affords. The missionaries have been laboring to complete and perfect their translations, and the three Bible Societies are conjoined to aid them. The great majority of them are Americans, and so, of course, the American Bible Society may feel at home.

The feature of the situation, at present of burning interest, is the extraordinary manifestation of spiritual power in many places, especially in Pyeng Yang, once the northern capital of Korea. It was my privilege to make a flying journey to this town, famous in the history of the wars of Korea—more than famous in the history of the wars of the Lord now being waged. I arrived on a Wednesday evening, at about seven o'clock, and found my way to the church, where Western custom has brought them the mid-week prayer meeting. When I got to the Presbyterian church, a mile or two from the station, I found a meeting of a thousand or twelve hundred persons just beginning. The Rev. Mr. Hunt at once announced that I would speak to the audience, as I did through an interpreter, announcing again, with my consent, that I would speak twice the next day.

KOREAN PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS RECENTLY ORDAINED

In the blaze of an afternoon sun, it was a goodly sight to behold five hundred women and children throng into the church on Thursday afternoon, many of them having their Bibles fastened in the front of their dresses, and all of them eager to hear, as I spoke to them through the interpreting of Mrs. Baird of the Presbyterian Mission. At night a thousand men sat on their mats on the floor —there are no pews or chairs in a Korean church—and listened eagerly again to the message, Dr. Baird interpreting this time.

The missionaries told me the wonderful story of meetings lasting until midnight and later, when the Spirit came to Pyeng Yang, and when missionary and convert, gentle and simple, all classes and conditions, were broken with unwonted and overpowering conviction of sin and a deep and tender penitence that has made the present year an *annus mirabilis* in the history of Christianity in Korea.

I returned next day two hundred miles to Seoul. I cannot stop to tell of its streets filled with a throng of the white-robed and black-hatted, and, yet more astonishing, the three-bushel-basket-hatted; and the women in their gay green coats; the soldiers, Japanese and Korean; the palace guarded in front by gigantic stone fire-dogs, with its lovely gardens, its lotus pond, and alas! its grewsome memories of the queen murdered in her own palace at night, and the frightened king fleeing to the foreign consulate for protection, only twelve years ago. Mr. Ritson, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and I agreed that we had seen no city more picturesque than Seoul, with its girdle of jagged mountains in the near distance.

I found time to spend an evening with Mr. Miller, going over accounts in the Bible House, and then flew back to Fusan for Sunday preaching and speaking, as much as I had time and strength for, until at last the *Iki Maru* again carried me to Moji, and we boarded, with much difficulty, yet another Japanese steamer, the *Suniki Maru*, bound from Yokohama for Europe, which set me down at Shanghai after just two weeks' absence and just in time for the Shanghai Conference.

THE CRYPTOMERIA AVENUE, NIKKO

XII. Three Weeks in Japan

'ROUND-THE-WORLD travelers should visit Japan last and not first, if they lay much stress on æsthetic pleasure. Other countries would make an anti-climax after the unique beauty and charm of "The Land of the Rising Sun."

Dr. Johnson's exclamation—"See the Mediterranean and die"—is all very well, but let no one die if he can help it before he has seen the Inland Sea, for the Mediterranean from the Riviera coast can hardly match it. The impression is apt to obtain of a certain mere prettiness, not to say pettiness, as characteristic of Japan. It is quite contrary to the fact. The Japanese, to be sure, know well how to handle delicate things and themes. They have a genius for whatever is dainty. Their exquisite politeness is a lesson to the world, and their love of children also. Their household art and decoration is distinguished by an incomparable simplicity. One feels himself in contact with a people gifted with rare delicacy of taste. They have an inborn love for flowers and an intuitive feeling of their harmonies. The finer shadings and colorings constantly astonish and charm; but this is not all. Some of their temples have a stately, solemn dignity which quite relieves any impression of pettiness. The scenery both on the coast and inland is more than pretty. Snow-crowned Fujiyama, rising 12,500 feet from sheer sea level, gives character and dignity—or shall we say grandeur—to Japan, and Nikko is indescribably beautiful.

The Japanese have a saying: "One must never say "kekko" ("beautiful") until he has seen Nikko; and, we may add, when he has seen it he will feel the poverty of language as never before. It is the name both of a town and of the region about it—a great mountain mass not unlike the Adirondacks in general, but with peaks nearly twice as high and covered with a wealth of verdure, almost tropical, when we were there in May. Its charm centers about the solemn beauty of the shrine of Iyeyasu, one of the greatest of the Shogun rulers, who is buried there, and the nearby shrine of his scarcely less famous grandson, Iyemitsu, also a Shogun. These shrines, especially that of Iyeyasu, are surrounded by a group of noble buildings set in a forest of magnificent cryptomeria trees—

giants of the forest, rating only second to our California monsters—the avenue approaching the shrines bordered on either side by these glorious trees for twenty-five miles—a marvelous spectacle truly.

All this may seem at first remote from Bible work or missions, but in reality it has a bearing on our special task. The missionary or the colporteur in any country must take account of the people and their environments and adapt himself to them if he can.

He who would minister in spiritual things to a people so sensitive to outward beauty and propriety, must approach his task with somewhat of sympathy and refinement of feeling.

They are sometimes called the French of the Orient, and it is natural to compare them with the Greeks, for art and the beautiful are national ideals, and one feels that καλὸς κἀγαθός would easily translate into Japanese —perhaps "Bushido" is not far from an equivalent. But behind the mask of beauty, the religions of Japan, whatever aspects of truth they contain, are after all a gilded and adorned idolatry, powerless to save Japan from its sins. The simplicity of Christ and the beauty of holiness must supplant even the best in Buddhism, Shintoism, and Confucianism. There is but one Christ and one Bible.

ENTRANCE TO THE KASUGA (SHINTO) SHRINE, NARA

It was a pleasure to find so many missionaries, men and women, reaching a high standard of intellectual qualification. We began to meet them indeed in China and Korea, where some of them had come—Dr. J. P. Moore of the German (American) Reformed Board, Dr. Deering of the Baptist Board, and Dr. D. C. Green of the Congregational Board. Our own Agent, Dr. Loomis, is known and loved far and wide as a veteran among missionaries. His enthusiasm for Japan and the Japanese is boundless, and his home in Yokohama a recognized center of evangelic power. It was a great joy and advantage to me to have his companionship during almost my whole stay.

The only ecclesiastical body that it was possible to attend, and that but briefly, was the Methodist Conference, which was in session at Tokyo. Here Methodism was putting its best foot foremost. The meeting was the first one pursuant to a new arrangement by which all Methodist churches in Japan are united in one body.

Without attempting to describe too minutely the twenty-one days spent in Japan, let me give briefly our itinerary. We landed in Nagasaki on May 9th and spent a day with the Dutch Reformed missionaries there—the Rev. Mr. Pieters especially and the Rev. Mr. Peeke, the latter having come sixty miles to meet me. Re-embarking on the *Doric*, we passed on to Kobe, where we visited briefly the Congregational and Southern Presbyterian missionaries, and called on Mr. Parrott, the Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who hospitably entertained us as we discussed our mutual affairs; then on to Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, full of the suggestions of the past, taking half a day for a glimpse of Nara, a still more ancient capital and, if possible, still more magically beautiful.

From Kyoto an express train carried us in a day's ride on to Yokohama and Tokyo, where the rest of our time was spent, which included visits to Nikko and one or two mountain places in the neighborhood. In Yokohama and Tokyo we found the best opportunities for conference on Bible matters and other things related thereto, not only with such missionaries as Dr. Imbrie, of the Church of Christ in Japan (which represents the Presbyterian and Reformed family of churches), but with one of the leaders of the Japanese church, Dr. Ebuka, President of the Meiji Gakuin (College), where I had the pleasure of addressing a splendid college audience and also the graduating class of the theological school.

There have been for some years past some proposals made looking to the revision of the Japanese Scriptures, and one of the main purposes which took me to Japan was the necessity for making some inquiry as to this.

It was interesting to learn from first-hand sources of information of the curious process of change going on in the Japanese language, which, so far as I could understand, might be described as a partial Occidentalizing of its idioms. The old elaborations of formal speech seem destined to yield in a measure to the terser forms of our Western tongues.

The English Bible might be called a popular book. It is surprising to find how much it is used, especially the American Revised Version. No doubt the Japanese cannot know the relative value of "King James" and the "Revised," but they like whatever is latest, as likeliest to be best.

On the first Sunday that I spent in Japan, the first religious service which I attended was a Bible class in Kyoto, taught admirably by the Rev. Mr. Gorbold, of the Presbyterian Mission. His scholars were mainly Christians, but there were some Buddhists, and their text-book was the English Bible. Their faces lighted up with keen interest when it was explained to them that I represented the Society which published the Bible, and they crowded around to shake my hand.

It so happened that while we tarried at Kyoto, the time came for a famous festival, held in connection with the ancient Shinto temple, Shimo-Gamo, one of the twenty-two chief temples of the empire founded, it is said, in the seventh century, or even earlier. It stands in a grove of ancient maples, cryptomerias, and evergreen oaks. On this day of the "Aoi," or Hollyhock, festival, an imposing and picturesque procession marched into and through the grove and up to the temple, where certain religious rites were performed. An immense multitude, perhaps twenty thousand or thirty thousand people, were gathered together as spectators. It was a picturesque and imposing pageant, for those who marched in solemn parade up to the temple were clothed in the ancient costumes of Japan. The Daimios and their retainers seemed to live again. Gorgeously attired in brilliant silks and armed with antique weaponry, they swept past, a representative of the Mikado, mounted on a horse gaily caparisoned, giving imperial dignity to the cavalcade.

Here was an opportunity for good colportage, so Mr. Gorbold thought, and early in the morning we took our stand by the roadside near the temple. Sheltered by the overhanging branches, we swung our sign boldly out, —"Jesus Christ's Book," inscribed in large letters on a white banner hanging from a bamboo pole, with specimens of the book for sale attached to its corners by cords. Mr. Gorbold

PROCESSION AT THE AOI (HOLLYHOCK) FESTIVAL, KYOTO

assigned to me the task of offering to every passerby a little tract in Japanese, explaining briefly the contents of the book; and I had the great pleasure of placing about two thousand of these tracts in the hands of as many persons, men, women, and children of all classes and conditions. It was a wonderful exhibition of the unfailing politeness of a Japanese crowd. Though there was the greatest eagerness, especially on the part of the children, to get what was offered, there was never the slightest approach to incivility of any kind, as we distributed the tracts, sold the Testaments and Gospels, 150 or so—sometimes whole Bibles. Probably in no way could a stranger get so vivid an impression of the Japanese as a people in the same length of time.

In the afternoon we moved two miles up the river bank to another temple, where the procession wended its way. Here our sales were not so large, as our stand was not so good a one for business, but when the crowd slackened Mr. Gorbold played "Marching through Georgia," on his cornet, and drew them flocking to us until the day was far spent. My last glimpse of the festival was

a little company of Japanese women in their picturesque dresses seated on the river bank reading the books they had gathered from us. This will give a suggestion of the possibilities of Bible work in Japan.

After this it seems strange to have to say that colportage is not as easy here as in some countries. There is a certain national prejudice to sales in the streets ordinarily, so Mr. Loomis reports. He has depended largely on other modes of distribution. These have proven very successful, as will be seen from the figures—the circulation in the year 1906 being 120,455 volumes, on an appropriation of about $5,000. During the whole period from 1876, 1,870,289 volumes have been distributed.

The country is divided between the three Societies, the British and Foreign and the Scotch taking the southern half, and our own Society the northern portion of the country, according to an agreement since 1904.

I found our headquarters in Yokohama well chosen, on the principal business street, one of the best and best-situated Bible houses that I had seen in the East. It consists of salesroom and office, where Mr. Loomis, with four Japanese assistants, maintains an efficient oversight of the distribution throughout our assigned territory. Mr. Loomis finished his thirty-five years of residence in Japan and his twentieth year of service to the Society while I was in Japan, and it was easy to see the high esteem in which he is universally held and honored in Yokohama especially, but in general throughout the country wherever the missionaries are at work.

I saw nothing that pleased me more or promised better things than the printing establishment of the *Fukuin Insatsu Goshi Kaisha* (Gospel Printing Company, Limited) in Yokohama. For many years all our Bibles have been published there—not only our Japanese Bibles, but now many Chinese, Korean, and Philippine Scriptures as well. There are two manufactories, the larger in Yokohama. Three of the four directors are earnest Christians, who inaugurated the business with a religious service. Now, every Monday morning the employees gather in an upper room to acknowledge God and again invoke his blessing on their daily toil. Mr. Loomis is often present, and it was my great privilege to go with him and take some minor part in the service, which was conducted by one of the Japanese ministers with simplicity, dignity, and devoutness.

It is said that the Japanese character is weak on the commercial side—that though heroic in war, it is not very honest in trade, and other failings are pointed out, but for them all there is a remedy. It was not surprising to hear from Mr. Loomis that in all of our dealings with the Fukuin Company there had never been the slightest ground for criticism. The book which it prints, if rightly used, is a cure for the moral ills of all human society.

The Christianity which Japan needs is not a superficial veneer, nor an alloy compounding the gospel with baser metal. Nothing less than the whole Bible and the whole counsel of God will avail.

FUJIYAMA FROM LAKE HAKONE

We sailed from Yokohama May 29th on the Japanese steamer *Hongkong Maru*, this being the sixteenth ocean-going vessel on which I had traveled since leaving New York, and after the seventeen days on the Pacific, having been afloat nearly three months.

Our ship stopped for twelve daylight hours in Honolulu, whose enchanting beauty seemed the aftermath of Japan. Better than that was a memorable hour spent there with a master Bible translator, Dr. Hiram Bingham, who, after thirty-one years, finished in 1890 his translation of the Bible for the Gilbert Islanders in Micronesia.

Such an interview was a good *finale* to all our journeyings.

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